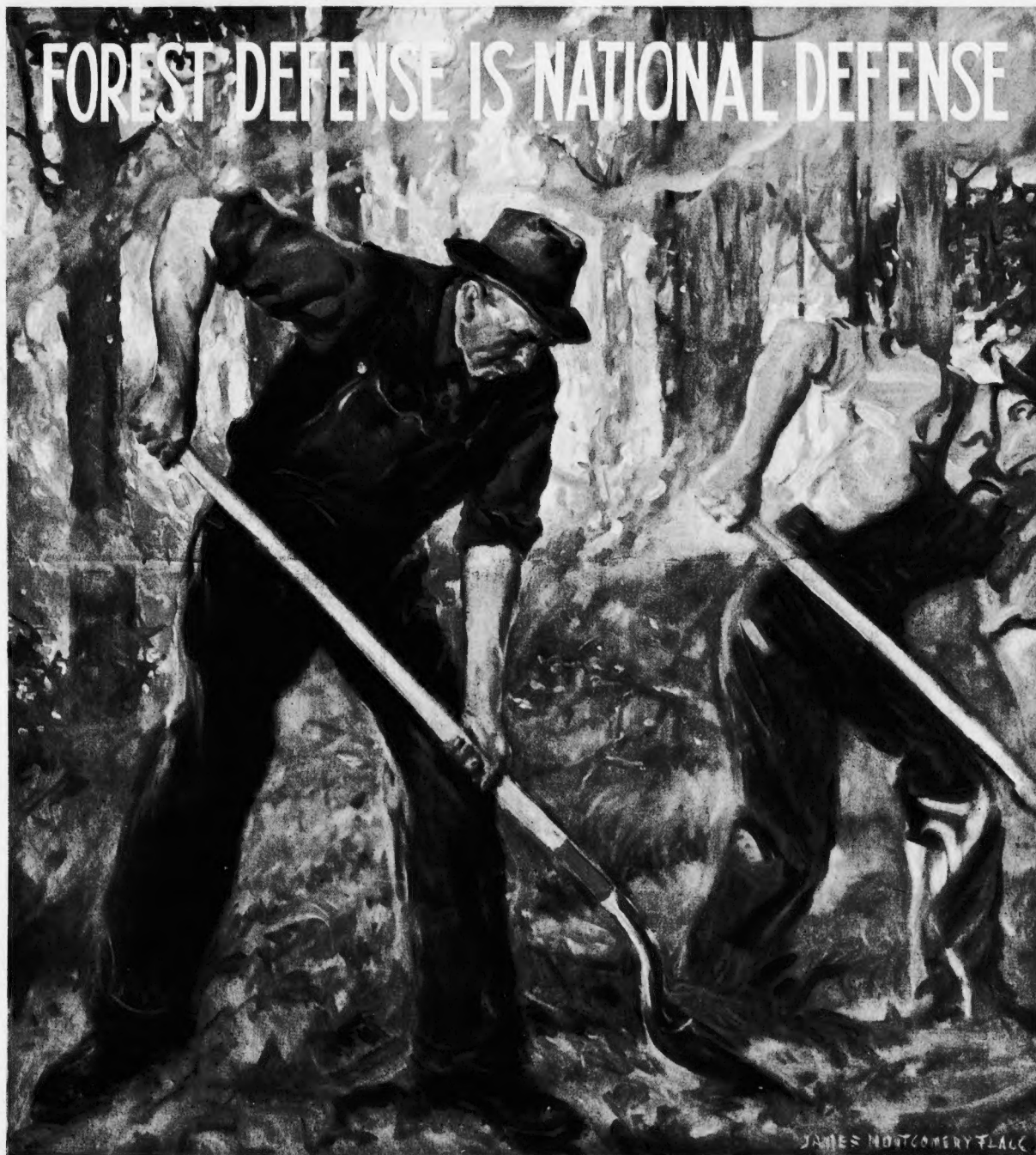


THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World A WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Week of April 6, 1941



Painted by James Montgomery Flagg
Exclusively for The American Weekly
In Co-operation With the United States Forest Service

An important article by Earle H. Clapp, Acting Chief of the U. S. Forest Service, on "WHY Forest Defense IS National Defense," with a foreword by Claude R. Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, appears on Pages 4 and 5.

MYSTERY BULLETS—the End of Gay Lord Erroll's Escapades

The Playboy High Constable of Scotland Died Ingloriously on That Lonely African Road, the Victim of What Seemed a Perfect Crime—Until the Authorities Interrupted the Kenya Colony Honeymoon of Sir Henry Delves Broughton Whose Beautiful Wife Is Said to Have Confessed She Loved the Murdered Nobleman



At First Believed an Accident, the Earl's Death Was Later Thought to Be Suicide—But Then the Authorities Decided That It Was the Young Man's Nemesis, His Romantic, But Misguided, Adventures, That Had Caught Up With Him—And Ended His Playboy Career.

KENYA, Africa, March 26. IN THIS wild and isolated pocket of the British Empire, certain husbands and wives seem to keep right on hunting wild game, flirting and divorcing, just as they did before the war.

This has been brought to the world's attention by the arrest of Major Sir Henry John Delves Broughton, holder of one of the very oldest titles of Baronet in England, conferred by King James I.

Major Broughton, who is 57, is accused of murdering his friend, the Earl of Erroll, who was 49. Ever since his arrest, the Major has consistently denied any knowledge of how the Earl met his demise, but at his preliminary hearing the prosecution produced a statement in which he said Lady Broughton, a bride of one month, had told him she loved Lord Erroll.

This admission, it said, was made after he had received three anonymous letters intimating a romantic attachment between Lady Broughton and the Earl. It also said he told authorities that he had dropped a farewell note from his wife into the Earl's open grave during the funeral ceremonies. The contents of the note were not revealed.

The statement also said that the Major and his wife had entered into a pre-nuptial agreement whereby he was to leave her if they ever disagreed, and that for this reason he had taken a "philosophical" view of the swift development of an affair between Lady Broughton and the Earl. The statement was admitted into the record despite the objections of the Major's counsel.

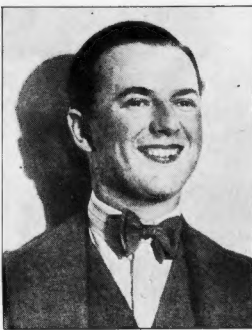
In addition to being an Earl, Lord Erroll bore the ancient title of Lord High Constable of Scotland, first conferred by Robert the Bruce.

This title is so venerable that it placed him next to royalty in rank. When the Earl was found mysteriously killed in his car on a lonely bush-country road near Nairobi, the title of Lord High Constable of Scotland passed to his daughter, Diana, Denise Hay, 15 years old. Therefore, at a great state dinner, this noble little girl would march in ahead of belted Earls, aged Dukes and Duchesses—in fact preceding everyone in the realm except those of the blood-royal.

Several weeks ago, a native milk boy, trudging along a lonely road shortly after dawn, saw the lights of a car shining up at him from a gravel pit. Climbing down, he looked into a window of the wreck and saw the handsome dead face of Jocelyn Victor Hay, twenty-second Earl of Erroll. He notified the police who set it down as an accident which had caused a wound just behind the Earl's left ear.

But Dr. Vint, the government pathologist, was a careful man who probed the wound, became suspicious and opened up the brain where he found two bullets. At the hearing Dr. Vint testified that it would be difficult and unlikely for a man to shoot himself in such a place and, furthermore, the first of the two bullets would have stunned him so that he could not have fired the second.

"Murder by person or persons unknown"



It Was Because of the Many Romances and the Black-Sheep Career of Jocelyn Victor Hay, 22nd Earl of Erroll, That the Kenya Police Suspected He Had Been Shot to Death Over a Woman.

was the verdict and the police started looking into what had gone before.

The events of the evening previous to the shooting began with a casual and careless drinking party at the Muthaiga Club, a smart gathering place for wealthy colonists and remittance men, black sheep of respectable families who pay them a handsome income as long as they keep far enough from England not to disgrace the decent relatives.

In the party was the Earl, whose second wife had recently died, and Major Broughton, who only a month before had married a second wife, generally considered the most beautiful woman of the moment in Kenya, blond 29-year-old Diana Caldwell.

To say that the Earl of Erroll had been paying attention to the bride would not mean much because so was most every other man in her set. Nobody at the club remembers any sign of jealousy on the part of the somewhat elderly Major against the Earl.

Major Broughton drove home from the club with another woman, Mrs. John Carberry, a house guest. Lady Broughton was driven home in another car by Lord Erroll.

"Mrs. Carberry and I arrived at my residence just after 2 a. m.," Major Broughton told the authorities. "About 15 minutes later my wife and Lord Erroll returned. Lord Erroll stayed about 10 minutes and then drove off in his own car."

The prosecution hasn't yet disclosed the



Sir Henry John Delves Broughton, Whose African Honeymoon Was Interrupted by His Arrest on a Murder Charge.

there is a background of wealth, broad acres and perhaps too much leisure. Nairobi which had been hardly more than a settlement of huts before the last war, came into prominence soon after it, reaching its peak of prosperity and popularity about ten years ago.

Young Jocelyn, who had not yet inherited his title and only part of his wealth, set out to be serious, going in for a diplomatic career, but soon found work bore him. At the age of 22, he gave it up to marry Lady Idina Sackville Gordon, daughter of the eighth Earl de la Warr. This was a dubious start for two reasons.

The Lady Diana was 30 years old and had already divorced two previous husbands, Captain David Euan Wallace and Capt. Charles Gordon. To make things even worse they moved to Kenya.

He built Osierin, a palace on Lake Naivasha and lived the life of an Oriental Prince. Then, soon after he came into his title, there was trouble with another Major, Major Cyril Ramsay-Hill, of the Eleventh Hussars, who named the new Earl as correspondent in his divorce suit against his wife Edith. In backing down his decision, Judge Sir Maurice Hill paid the following compliments:

"It is obvious that the correspondent is a blackguard... That she (Mrs. Ramsay-Hill) is a woman of the lowest character and a liar."

He intimated that the wife's shortcomings were perhaps due to association with the noble "blackguard." With the name went an assessment of \$15,000 for love-labor and another \$1,800 to pay for bills the erring wife had charged to her husband while she was erring.

This judicial lambasting hurt, even in Kenya, and it also placed in the hands of the Countess Idina ready-made ammunition for a divorce, which, after a dramatic pause, she proceeded to collect. The wronged Major then married Patry Morris, daughter of Gouverneur Morris, the author-banker. Betting aside the Judge's opinion of the divorced

Lady Diana Broughton, Bride of a Month and One of Lord Erroll's Dancer Companions on That Fateful Evening. Her Husband Is Charged With Murder.

Mrs. Ramsay-Hill, the Earl of Erroll, married her and, to the astonishment of everyone, they lived happily ever after, right in Kenya, until she died about a year ago.

The Es-Countess Idina speedily married her fourth husband, Donald Carmichael Halldeman. The Errolls and the Halldemans continued to meet and be good friends at all sorts of social occasions. A Kenya hostess, in placing her guests at table, thinks nothing of seating ex-wife and husband together. In fact some do it deliberately in the belief that such safely-separated couples enjoy revealing little "now-or-can-be-told" incidents where one put something over on the other. In this "ultra-sophisticated" atmosphere, the person who had been a "woman of the lowest character and a liar" reformed so miraculously that her behavior became above reproach and she actually made her "bad influence" behave himself.

Unless the Earl's big palace was filled with wild guests, it was as useless as an empty menagerie. So, under the sedative influence of the new Countess, he moved to a much smaller abode in a fashionable suburb of Nairobi. Jocelyn even became serious again, long enough to be elected to the Legislature.

Altogether the conduct of the titled couple would have been respectable enough for most any normal, Anglo-Saxon community. When the Countess died her husband mourned her with good reason. As was pointed out, at the time, she had not only redeemed the erring Erroll but disproved the old adage that a woman never changes for the better—always for the worse.

Major Sir Delves Broughton returned to Kenya with his bride about a month ago. The Baronet had been married before and divorced on the grounds of misconduct by his first wife, the former Vera Edith Rosecrance. Lady Vera had tried to divert her mind while her husband was getting over certain infatuations, by hunting and photographing big game. Though she did these things so well as to become celebrated, they failed in their main purpose and in 1940, she divorced Broughton.

Since then, the Earl has married again and the accused Baronet had plenty of money, and no financial relations with each other, the colony is at a loss to imagine any unromantic motive.

The Errolls seem to have been handsome, astute and important personages from the far-distant past, but the first to get into the written records, appears in the tenth century, under the name of William de Hays who was cup-bearer to King Malcolm II of Scotland.

In the wear and tear of history, the De Hays's name wore down to just plain Hays. An ancestor acquired the title and vast estates of Erroll but the next one gambled all but the title away. However still later ones accumulated more wealth and an additional title of Baron of Kilmarnock, besides the resounding Lord High Constable of Scotland.

Broughton's ancestors were scrambling vigorously around the pages of history on the De Hays side as far back as the Black Prince and as Broughtons under Henry VI. They too were loyal enough to have been cup-bearers because one was fined 2,200 pounds "for loyalty to King Charles," a staggering sum at the time. Brian, the next in line, was made the first Baronet, in 1660 and his grandson married into the Devereux family.

Why Forest Defense



One of the 3,200 Government Lookout Stations Throughout the Country That Keep an Eagle's Eye on Building Forest Fires. This Is the Famous Watch Tower on Castle Peak, Colorado.

FOREWORD

By CLAUDE E. WICKARD,

U. S. Secretary of Agriculture.

TO anyone who studies the life of our people, the vital importance of forests becomes increasingly apparent. Farmers, I know, could scarcely do without wood for their homes, barns, fences and implements. Building and most of our other industries could not be carried on, certainly not as they are today, without it. Lacking an adequate supply of timber and forest products, defense against modern military attack would be far more difficult, if not impossible.

This importance of wood makes forest fire an even more serious menace today than in the past. That is saying a great deal, because year after year forest fire takes an enormous toll of America. U. S. Foresters estimate that the damage from forest fires in the United States is approximately \$40,000,000 each year. Never a year passes when human lives are not lost to these flames. Nor can any man accurately estimate, I suppose, the immense loss in soil fertility, wild life, watershed and recreation values directly due to forest fire.

I believe every American owes it to himself and to his country, this year especially, to take every precaution against setting the woods afire when he seeks recreation in them, or otherwise uses them. Foresters report that the great majority of our forest fires are man-caused, and therefore preventable. The American Weekly is to be congratulated for rendering the splendid public service of printing for its millions of readers, at this time, the informed and instructive presentation of the forest fire situation in the United States by the Acting Chief Forester, Mr. Earle H. Clapp, which appears in this issue.

By EARLE H. CLAPP,

Acting Chief, Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THOUGH few of us think about it unless, perhaps, we encounter a forest fire while traveling, the smoke of burning woods hangs over some section of the United States from one year's end to another.

The "forest fire season" already is under way in the South and in parts of the East and begins this month in the West where most of our remaining virgin forests are located. From now until snow flies, the Red Menace of forest fire will be busy collecting the huge toll it annually levies upon America.

Almost as if this toll were calculated in advance by some supernatural demon, for several years it has approximated year after year the value of the trees, cover and property on about 30,000,000 acres—or around \$10,000,000—in addition to a varying number of human lives and the lives of countless birds, fish and animals.

This would be strange enough could it be traced to the evil spirits and goblins we used to believe lurked in the shadowy forest. Stranger still is the fact. Actually, 80 per cent of the Red Menace's levy is collected through persons much like you or me, or at any rate through some 200,000 or more people of the United States who go into the woods and who accidentally or on purpose set them afire.

The mature forests of the United States—the forests we like best to visit—have been steadily shrinking in area because of cutting, fire, insect pests and disease plagues but each year more persons visit or vacation in them.

Since the advent of the automobile, foresters estimate, the number of visitors to National, State and privately owned woods has jumped fifty 100 times.

Counting repeaters, the total for the va-



The Latest Development in Scientific Forest Fire Fighting Is the Parachute Man or the "Smoke Jumper" Who Leaps From an Airplane Leaving the "Smoke" Like a Modern Blitzkrieg Trooper Being Dropped Behind the Enemy Lines.

tion season just ahead of us no doubt will exceed the population of the country, because during 1939, the last year for which complete records kept by the Forest Service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture are available, 125,903,661 entered the National Forests alone. In round numbers, this count included 31 million motorists, or "passers through," 20 million more leisurely sightseers, and 14 million hunters, fishermen, campers and the like.

As near as anyone can judge, not more certainly than one-half of one per cent of these visitors turned out to be assistant collectors for the Red Menace. That is to say, not more than that percentage committed such dangerous deeds as tossing a lighted cigarette or other smoking material out the automobile window into the roadside under of dry grass or pine needles.

Or leaving a campfire burning. Or foolishly building a fire of a windy day on ground littered with inflammable leaves or grass or ankle-deep with pine needles.

Or by touching a match to the woods out of downright meanness or lawlessness. On the other hand, no one knows how many thoughtless or careless woods wanderers dropped burning matches, pipe heels or the inevitable burning cigarette butt, and did not start a forest fire because someone else stepped on the blaze in time or by lucky chance the spark did not strike tinder.

Ask any experienced forester how many careless or thoughtless persons there are usually among visitors to his forest and he'll tell you, "Plenty," and as a rule with a grim emphasis.

In fact, there are so many each year that your hard-pressed forester very nearly always acquires the habit of keeping a special lookout for diffusers who look as if they didn't know their way around so as if they didn't know they set the woods afire. Often as not, the woodland gets a chance to "educate" 'em as he puts it. And many a time he forestalls the monstrous genie of forest fire that can swell and roar out of a match box quicker than the one which came when Aladdin rubbed his wonderful lamp.

Mostly, this is the story of our 200,000 or more forest "firebugs," of how the average citizen like you or me can guard against being trapped into becoming a member of this reckless crew, and of what a fearful "show" one lone match can stage.

It is also the story of a long-time national bad habit that suddenly has become more and more fraught with danger, because of the importance of forests to national defense.

David P. Godwin, our assistant chief, Division of Fire Control, recently coined the slogan, "Forest Defense Is National Defense," and a glance at the current news seems to me to prove how right that is. —with wooden cantonments building from coast to coast. Preparation for national defense, as well as for war, requires plentiful, readily obtainable wood for countless purposes.

In the business of transporting supplies, of housing soldiers and for erecting concrete and other fortifications, and for manufacturing hundreds of war materials, wood is an absolute necessity.

What war materials? Here are a few surprising ones—wood charcoal and filter paper for gas masks. Spruce and plastic for quickly turned-out training planes. Cellulose for high explosives. Rosin for making shrapnel. Wood wool for clothing. And rattans from wood gluecase where worse comes to worse.

It is not beyond reason, I think, that the day might come when a man who deliberately set fire to the forest would be regarded as a traitor to his country.

In this connection, for instance, of obvious value against an invader are the 3,200 lookout towers, the 65,000 miles of telephone lines, the 244,000 miles of trails and roads, the innumerable sources of water supply, the grazing areas and the airplane landing fields in the national forests.

Particularly is this true with the vast reaches of national forest land in the Pacific and Rocky Mountain States. Heavy fires could play havoc with such valuable defense aids as telephone lines, water supplies, trails and the like.

Will vacationing Americans realize the importance of these facts this year? Time will tell. Many foresters believe an aroused love of country will cut the toll of man-caused fires this summer for the first time in years.

Do you wonder, then, about these 200,000 or more "firebugs" of ours? Are they victims of circumstantial woods goblins? Are they plain silly and irresponsible? Or, like the



The Parachutes Have Lobes to Insure Landing in the Proper Spot and Ingenious Snap Devices to Enable Jumpers to Free Themselves From the Chutes If They Land in Trees.



The "Smoke Jumper," Looking Like the Man From Mars, Uses a Two-Way Radio to Keep Him in Touch With the Airplane or the Nearest Lookout Station, and He Carries a Rope to Lower Himself to the Ground in Case He Landed in a Tree Top.

numbers, no doubt, will feel the need of reassuring themselves by saying, "Well, I never started a fire."

And a lot of these last, being essentially honest, will be forced to add, "That I know of," because they have a future memory of never having been quite sure a certain campfire they left behind was "dead out." Or if the cigarette they flipped behind the trail that time, and which gave off no smoke as they looked back while hurrying homeward, really went out before starting a blaze.

For all many such a one knows, those firebrands they left behind may have ignited the fiercest of forest fires, for hours later, when a strong wind blew up. Every old time ranger recalls tracing such fires, by means of clues left at the spot, to campers at their houses and finding them honestly surprised and shocked at the news.

When caught, these feeble adventurers usually are permitted to pay for the damage their fool fire has caused and there's an end to the matter. If there is evidence of incendiarism, every effort is made to jail the culprit. But the Forest Service has only about 4,000 full-time men to watch over 350,000 square miles. And how could a few fire-fighters ever be caught red-handed?

No one, so far as I know, has a better first-hand knowledge of the people behind the impressive figures in "Standard Classification of Forest Fire Causes" than Roy Headley, veteran chief of the Forest Service Division of Fire Control. Mr. Headley believes that when it comes to being careful of fire



On Landing, the "Smoke Jumper" in Mask and Helmet Can Shed His Bulky Suit in a Minute and Get Hold of Another Parachute That Brings Him the Necessary Fire Fighting Equipment.

devil, do they favor a forest-burning hell on earth?

Every year, Federal and State foresters investigate the origin of fire on the 475 million acres of forest land under their supervision. Their findings are reported in the Department's annual "Standard Classification of Forest Fire Causes." In this report, there appears the percentage of the total number of forest fires in the five years just past due to each of several main causes. The report for the period 1935-1939 is typical. This particular indictment of the Red Menace's helpers lists these causes and percentages:

Fires set deliberately—24.8 per cent.

Set by smokers—35.5.

Set by campers—4.6.

Set by persons who light up piles of leaves, litter or logging "skids" in dangerous fire locations or on windy days—13.6.

Set as a result of rufouling, sparks from passing locomotives, tie-burning, fire dumping, fires—4.2.

Set as a result of lumbering operations—1.9.

Set by lightning, the only natural cause of forest fire, according to forest scientists—9.1.

Miscellaneous—11.3.

Thousands of urbanites who hunt, fish, hike or for other purposes tie themselves to the woods each year will doubtless have a twinge of conscience as they read that roster. Large numbers, no doubt, will feel the need of reassuring themselves by saying, "Well, I never started a fire."

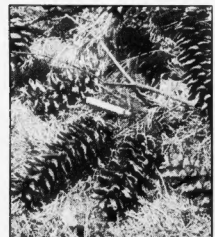
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(Continued on Next Page)



A SHORT STORY, BUT A TRAGIC ONE.

A Thoughtless or Stupid Picnicker Flips a Lighted Cigarette Butt Carelessly Away, and It Lands Among Pine Needles, Cones and Dried Leaves and Litter.

After Smoldering a While, the Fire Bursts Into Flames, and Is Avoided If the Smoker Had Taken the Proper Precautions in Extinguishing the Cigarette.

A Forest Fire Starts and Destroys Everything in Its Path. All This Could Have Been Avoided If the Smoker Had Taken the Proper Precautions in Extinguishing the Cigarette.

A Forest Fire Starts and Destroys Everything in Its Path. All This Could Have Been Avoided If the Smoker Had Taken the Proper Precautions in Extinguishing the Cigarette.

IS National Defense

30,000,000 Acres of Our Fast-Vanishing Timber Lands Are Burned Every Twelve Months Through Carelessness, Ignorance, Stupidity and Even Superstition, Costing the Nation \$40,000,000 a Year, Crippling Many Industries, Adding to Our Tax Burdens, Causing Incalculable Loss of Useful and Picturesque Wild Life—And Critically Weakening Our Preparedness



A Poster by James Montgomery Flagg, Warning Plinkers Against Throwing Cigarette Butts in Forests, the Kind of Carelessness That Causes More Than One-Quarter of All Forest Fires and Makes the Thoughtless Smokers Into Arch Criminals.



It Is Part of the Fire-Fighting Technique for Airplanes to Drop Barlap Chutes With Food and Supplies, Amounting to More Than 100 Tons a Year, to Ground Crews in Inaccessible Sections.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

In the forest Americans start with a psychological handicap.

He reasons that our pioneer forefathers, put to it to clear the lands for crop and cattle space, often burned the woods as the quickest way out of their difficulty. Forests seemed inexhaustible and woods burning was, after all, something of a public service. As a result, he believes, we have inherited an easy going attitude toward forest fire—and indeed toward fire itself—not found among other people.

Proof of this inheritance, he sees in the way throwing lighted matches, cigarette butts and cigar stubs to the ground in parks and public places, and even on occasion from apartment house windows, has become what he calls "a national habit."

In other words, a tendency not to be overly careful with fire is pretty likely to crop up in the average American, and so when one goes into the forest, where a lighted match on the "floor" is far more dangerous than one is likely to be on the wood floor of your home, his first care should be to set a guard on himself. Particularly in this time when the young American goes into the woods for the first time.

Since almost everyone rides in an automobile on route to a particular forest haunt, one of the first things to keep in mind, unless you want to start a fire, is this: Don't throw anything from the car—put matches, cigarette butts, cigar stubs and so on in the receptacle provided in the modern motor car, and empty the receptacle at the next stop.

Keep all papers and trash for the next stop, too. In that way, you'll build up a mental barrier against the kind of unconscious crime which caught up with a fire flipper in the Dufour Creek region, Marquette National Forest, Michigan. Forest fire raged in that open jackpine country. Two crews of fire fighters, furiously digging away brush and weed-grass to build a fire break or "line," worked toward each other not far from a county highway.

They had almost closed the gap when the flipper's car came along. The occupants stared at the sudden sight of the swirling, crackling flames. The flipper was shocked. Out of harm's way about 1,000 feet on, he stopped the car and with shaking hand lit a cigarette. Still preoccupied with the horror, he tossed the match out the window. After he had driven on, that match, as the foresters found, started a new fire more damaging than the first, beyond the fire "line."

You can imagine, can you not, those fagged out fire fighters as they worked, sweat and swore over that new blaze which nullified their toil on the first fire?

Matches in the hands of thoughtless or careless tenderfoot are perhaps the worst foes of the forest. Skillfully distributed and used, with weather and other conditions right for a holocaust, the small pack you get with your cigarettes, or the box you buy for a penny, might be sufficient to burn all the woods in America.

One simple and priceless "don't" is: Never toss away a wooden match which you've lighted in the woods without breaking it in two with your fingers. Or a paper match without twisting it.

You can't break the stick or twist the paper without scorching the flame. Try it sometimes before you leave on your summer vacation, not only to convince yourself, but to help you acquire a saving forest habit.

Right behind the thoughtless forest journeyer's lighted match when one tries to determine "Forest Destroyer No. 1" are the lighted cigarette stub, the cigar butt and the pipe "heel." Foresters tell me they never cease to wonder at the odd and unexpected

places and occasions where smokers drop or leave these highly effective torches.

Last Summer, a forest officer went with a mid-West business man to a small sawmill on the edge of the Hoosier National Forest in southern Indiana. The man put his burning cigar on the corner of a pile of rough pine boards, of all places, and forgot it. The cigar fell or rolled off, into some dry grass. Soon, flames licked up the side of the wood pile.

The preoccupied smoker was humiliated and sorry, but suppose everyone had left the spot before the fire started. Not only was the sawmill endangered, but there was a valuable stand of pine and hardwoods on the hill above, and national forest beyond.

Mr. Headley tells of a man who while sitting on the bank of a stream fishing started a forest fire behind him and did not know it until he felt the heat. Thinking he had a bite, he flipped his cigarette butt over his shoulder and into the dry brush rather than into the perfectly safe water before him.

The moral is that most of us never can be quite sure what we will do with matches, stubs or butts in moments of excitement, unless, before going into the forest, we have resolved to take in chances, and stick to the resolve, come hell and good fishing. The safe and sane way is not to smoke at all during prolonged dry spells in the woods, or when foresters warn that dangerous fire conditions are at hand, except in spots designated as safe or obviously free from brush, leaves, pine needles or other forest under.

All too often, foresters are compelled to close sections of forest to all visitors in dangerous fire weather because they can't take a chance on those visitors obeying "No Smoking" signs. One should remember never to leave the lighted end of a cigar or cigarette without having ground it under heel in a safe spot, even though it is necessary to scrape away the litter with one's foot to get down to the only non-inflammable material in the woods—earth or rock.

The same precautions go with the ashes and smoldering heels from pipes. These tobacco sparks may look as harmless as glow

worms, but in the right spot they are like minute bombs.

There are few Americans, Mr. Headley thinks, who do not believe that they know how, when and where to build a campfire. This characteristic, he believes, also stems from our pioneer ancestry. We like to think, he reasons, that though we may live in the city we are way down deep of the same breed as was Daniel Boone or Lewis and Clark. But the forest fire records show that large numbers of us who frequent the forests on occasions are blessed with far more feeling for the virtues of the national nirvana than of knowledge of the ways of the woods they know so well.

The truth is that forest campfires are as deceptive as they are dangerous. A campfire can look "dead out" and the wind can spring up, scatter the top ashes, find a spark and by whisking it into the dry litter start a blaze capable of reducing acres of fine timber to a graveyard of ashes, gaunt, charred "snags" and roasted or broiled wild life.

In the Allegheny National Forest of western Pennsylvania awhile back, a fire which a deer hunter left for "dead out" beside a road flared up, sparked a spot of grass and burned to a hollow tree. It burned within the tree for 24 hours, right through a rainstorm. Next day when the wind was right, the flames sent out sparks which ignited a forest not far to the windward.

Michigan foresters tell of a "mystery fire" that got away up on the north shore of Lake Superior. A logging road contractor set the blaze to dispose of brush and clearing debris in cut-over land which was strewn with old birch snags to which bark still clung. A two-day rain had just stopped, so he didn't worry

about fire, but all the same fire swept the region the following night. Sparks from the burning debris lodged in the bark of a birch snag, set the snag fire and then hopped to nearby trees. Rain stood about in pools and yet this destructive forest fire got started.

Against so treacherous and devious a foe, the only thing one can do is to take no more chances than with a nest of rattlesnakes.

If you don't want to betray the forest to which you go for rest, pleasure and recreation, don't ever leave a campfire alone—that is, once you've built it, do not go from it until you are sure it is "dead out." If you are alone, and must, room for kindling or firewood, do not let the blaze out of your sight.

Never build a fire in the forest against trees or logs or near the brush, and always keep the blaze small so you can handle it if the wind rises. And before starting your fire, clear and scrape away all inflammable material from a level spot at least five feet in diameter.

Build your fire in the center. When time comes to break camp, do an honest job of putting the thing out. Wet down the spot with what water you have at hand, stirring the embers and ashes while you pour on the water. Turn small sticks and drench both sides. Keep in mind, everybody gains—including

your country and its defense—when fire is kept from the forest.

You'll recall that our annual report, "Standard Classification of Forest Fire Causes," shows that for the country as a whole roughly one-quarter of the fires which collect the annual \$40,000,000 toll are incendiary, or deliberately set. That percentage almost equals the number that stem back to careless cigarette "flippees" and other dangerous smokers.

But the types of people behind the two sets of figures are surprisingly different. Those arsonists are not hikers, vacationing, "I did not think," or "I did not know" people.

Most of them believe in setting fire to the woods, more as fervently as the Haitian voodoo devotee believes in black magic.

On the basis of acreage burned over each year and the damage as estimated in dollars, no other State in the Union suffers so much from forest fire as Florida. Forest Service records for the years 1935 to 1939, inclusive, show an average annual burning of 10,214,777 acres and an average damage estimated at \$10,267,423 in that State.

During the same period, the runner-up as to acreage burned was Mississippi with an

(Continued on Page 16)

How Wilma the Barge Captain's Daughter Became a Countess

This Cinderella Attracted Beauty-Conscious "Uncles," But No Fairy Godmother, Learned Society Manners While Society Behaved Like a Barge Crew; Worked Hard for Fame Until the Duke of Alba's Nephew Came Along—And So Without Any 12-Cylinder Pumpkin Coach, They Were Married



Wilma, the Streamlined Cinderella, Who Is Equally at Home Aboard Papa's Barge, or in Top-Flight Society.

THE latest version of a democratic streamlined Cinderella is the triumphant success of Wilma van den Baard.

The other day, Wilma barged into the swim of New York's top-flight society, as a Grade-A Countess, wife of Count Carlos Nava de Tajo, who is a nephew of the Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James, also a grand nephew of the Princess Eugenie and a friend of the late King Alfonso XIII, besides having more blue-blooded ancestors than any one person can remember.

Wilma skipped all the fairy godmother and glass slipper stuff. She is a self-made woman who got there by sheer ability (and publicity) to embrace opportunity when it appeared.

At first glance it would seem that any girl can do as much, if she is very good, very beautiful—also smart, graceful, gracious and mannered. The real secret perhaps is that while some daughters of café society were cultivating barge manners, the barge child was learning the manner and carriage of a lady of the old-time real society.

It seemed like a poor idea at the time, a funny notion, but into the girl's head by her old-fashioned mother, not so much of hair-dos and of hair-don'ts and other dots. Yet look what happened when this real, honest-to-goodness Prince Charming came to New York and the noted debutantes put on their glamour.

The son of Castilian Grandees couldn't see any of them, even Brenda Frazier who was way down front, with the spotlight on her.

As in the fairy tale, it was love at first sight. The Count who has "the right to wear the hat in the presence of the Spanish King" (if there were a Spanish King) fell for Wilma, with a thud that was heard around the world of society.

Unsettling her rivals had put Wilma over by providing a perfect contrast. Among the highest titles for Spanish Princesses is "Her Serene Highness" and in Spain, serene means something. Wilma, and only Wilma, seems to have been serene with a capital S. No crossed knees for her, no squealing laugh to attract attention.

There were no come-hither tricks in her eyes, as the Count was introduced. Of course it was not her fault if her large gray eyes are set in a fascinating stant. She looked serenely out of those eyes and it was Count Carlos who found it hard to look serenely back.

For once in his life, the accomplished conventionalist was at a loss for words. Witnesses of the meeting thought the Count was ill. It was worse than that—he was shot through the heart.

So was Wilma and for equally good reasons. The Count carries more than a patina. It is a sort of patina, like that on a very ancient marble statue, and can only be seen through many centuries of aristocratic ancestry. Also his eye has something, the martial gleam of the soldier.

Count Carlos enlisted as a private for the Spanish war in the famous Royalist Brigade of Navarre. He finished as a lieutenant and the war almost finished him too.

During a night attack near Bilbao, leading his men through the darkness, he fell and broke his back but said nothing that would have held up the attack. Hours later



Capo Dirk van den Baard, Wilma's Daddy, Who Is No Slouch Himself When It Comes to Ancestry. He Can Trace His Lineage Back to the Time When His Forefathers Drove Those of His Son-in-Law Pell-mell Out of Holland.

they came back and found him. Though he spent six months in a cast and still suffers pain at times, he dances as if life had been just a primrose path.

The Spaniard is a man's man, too, because, at the age of 25, he is a hard-headed business executive, and for an even more potent reason. Some time ago, in a Western city, the lion of a social event was a newly-arrived French nobleman who "simply stayed" all the ladies by kissing their hands. One of them, seeing two Americans watching the performance, asked why they also did not do this. An one voice the two he-men Westerners replied:

"Because when we kiss, we mean it."

That is the way Count Carlos feels on this important matter. His attitude toward that and also his business acumen are perhaps due to the infusion of a little practical Scotch blood, tempering the Spanish blue.

Investigation reveals that the romance is not quite as simple as all that. Covetous intangibles had gone before. Wilma's blond beauty, her form and graceful carriage come from her mother, "the loveliest woman in Amsterdam," according to the undipped statement of the girl's father, Captain Dirk van den Baard.

Young Dirk was no homely man either; or without any fortune he would hardly have persuaded her to marry him and seek it in New York, where he understood another Dutchman by the name of Vanderbilt had done pretty well, running a ferry.

The Van den Baards can count their an-

cestry back beyond the time when they drove an ancestor of the present Duke of Alba and his Spanish soldiery out of Holland.

Dirk van den Baard did not get to be rich like Vanderbilt but he did become captain of a barge, carrying cargo between ships and docks and it was on this barge that Wilma spent her early childhood. Among her first memories is that when her father made fast a line about her waist and tossed her overboard into New York harbor to learn to swim.

"I learned quickly," she reports. "I had to."

The sea air, the freedom and good plain food gave her the strength and splendid health that adds so much to her beauty. Her gentle mother taught her wisdom and the rough, hardy shipmasters taught her courage and calm under all circumstances.

At five she was taken ashore to live on Long Island and to go to school. Little Wilma did like that, but other things were coming and the barge was getting crowded. She attended school near Jamaica. But she didn't forget the water and later took many short trips with her ruddy cheeks, jolly father. Near her home is the Jamaica race course and there she learned to love the sleek horses.

She quickly learned to ride and it remains one of her favorite sports. The roller rinks in her neighborhood remember a slim, fleet youngster with tossing yellow hair who out-skated cry-babyed grown-ups. Some of her old playmates were a little shy when she visited them the other night, but she quickly let them know that nobility had not changed her.

While at high school six years ago she met Helen Perry, the artist, who recognized her rare beauty and insisted that she be interviewed by John Powers, famous model agent. From that time she became one of New York's most popular fashion models and her picture appeared in many a national magazine.

Of course a girl as beautiful as that could hardly be called underappreciated but the best way to come. In December, 1938, Miss Brenda Diana Duff Frazier exploded her coming-out party. Biologists say that the hardest crisis in the life of poultry is when a chicken pecks its way out of the egg. Brenda's entrance into grown-up life cost \$50,000, a sum which impressed everyone. "Thirteen wise men-at-large were so impressed that they decided to see if almost as much publicity could be achieved at nominal expense."

Led by such experimental blades as Peter Arno, Lucia Berte, McClelland Barclay and Alfred de Ligne they set out to find their own choice for debutante of 1938. Every artist thumbed then in the direction of Wilma and, having gazed upon her, the

thirteen wise men decided not to waste any more shoe leather.

In a glittering celebration, at one of the more elaborate of the café society bangles, the delectable line greeted many such personages as Madeleine Carroll and Gladys Swarthout.

There were a large number of debutantes who had come out recently themselves at great noise and expense and these studied the demure technique of Wilma, offering no criticism publicly but privately agreeing that it was dear-old-grandma stuff.

Everyone who attended came on a strictly Dutch-treat basis and, in honor of Wilma's Dutch ancestry, the thirteen sponsors, called themselves her "Dutch Uncles." She was to be "a Cinderella for a night." But, like the original, this one refused to be a celebrity. Wilma took the town by storm and held it. Nobody can convince the young lady that there is anything unlucky in the number 13.

Brenda, recovering from her party, returned to her normal life of more parties and new nink coats. Wilma went back to modeling but also kept in circulation. Many a gilded youth thought he was her Prince Charming and had a glass slipper that would fit her foot or at least a solitary ring that would fit a certain finger but there were no try-ons until one day she was visiting her friends, George Lowther and Mrs. Lowther, the former Eileen Herrick. This was the couple whose Romeo-and-Juliet courtship cast a glow of old-fashioned romance over the cynical salons of modern Manhattan. In their home Wilma met the tall, dark and undeniably handsome man whose faultless diction became almost incoherent at sight of her.

On the first of March, they were married at the Church of Milagrosa, in New York. The matron of honor was Margaret Marguerite de Jong of Paris and the best man, Fletcher



A Formal Portrait of Wilma That Gives an Idea Why Café Society's Glamour Girls Didn't Give Her Any Serious Opposition When Real-Life Prince Charming, Count de Tajo, Walked Into the Picture.

Godfrey. Their honeymoon is planned for California.

He has no castle in Spain but owns a lovely villa at Biarritz or at least the four walls. German agents are said to have found the furnishings of the villa worthy of being removed to Berlin. After the Germans have been persuaded to go back to Germany, the newly-weds will buy some more furnishings and visit that villa.

But will the barge Cinderella and her Count Charming live happily ever after? When it was suggested that possibly some of his noblest relatives might be inclined to pull a high hat or a jargonette on a barge Countess, the Count replied:

"No danger at all. She will fit into that society, like a stained-glass angel in an old abbey."

The solemnly young bridegroom looked around as if to see if anyone disputed it but there was no argument from the reporters and the emcee went on to work on the Countess Wilma as if they too believed it. So that part is all settled. The bride's parents want to pull a jargonette, or a marlin spike either, on their semi-late whenever he chooses to board the captain's barge, the good ship "Tarrytown."

"He's a nice sort of a lad, we thought," said Captain Van den Baard, "and he tells me he has a good, steady job with a Spanish steamship line. He is no landlubber either, likes the sea as much as Wilma does and that is in any man's favor."

"There is only one thing I don't understand, why they didn't invite us to the wedding—and we might have held a reception right here too. The barge could carry a deckload of half a churchful!"

As he pointed at the broad deck of the barge, 100 feet long, the skipper's face fell slightly, like the barometer before an East-erly blow. The pretty countenance of Wilma's two sisters, Elizabeth, 17, and Marie, 15, also fell but more like the barometer before a hurricane. From which it is suspected that the young ladies had provided themselves with dresses for just that very thing. However, the captain isn't hanging out any storm signals for the noble pair.

When a Girl's in Love

by
Helen Topping
Miller

THE AMERICAN
WEEKLY

"WHEN you know Lorna as I know her, you'll love her too," said Emory Malard to his attractive daughter, Rosemary, who made her home with him in Florida.

"If Lorna makes you happy that's all I want," she told him.

Rosemary had recently returned to her father after a month's stay in Washington with her pleasure-seeking and divorced mother, Vicki. Brushing aside her mother's plea that she encourage the attentions of Haynes Hillis, wealthy and of fine family, she replied that she liked him but did not want to marry him. She had refused his request to stay over for a house-party on his Virginia estate and hurried home to help Jeff Lane sail his boat, the Daisy, in the coming races.

Her father met her in Savannah and asked her why she didn't marry Jeff, who helped him run a small fruit business. She laughed, saying Jeff wasn't in love with her. Then Emory told her he had visited the cottage on their place to Lorna Patrick, a widow, and her son, David.

When she arrived and Jeff picked David to help sail the Daisy in the first race, and asked her to act as timekeeper on the boat, she was deeply hurt and could not understand Jeff's readiness towards her. After the race, David told her he had fallen in love with her, but she gave him no hope. When he left, she ran to Jeff's house and he took her in his arms. "For a long time," he said, "you've been very precious to me. If you knew what it was costing me to stand here—not daring to say things to you with no right—, she broke away. "I must have gone crazy," she said in confusion.

Meanwhile, Emory had proposed to Lorna who had accepted him. He dreaded to face Rosemary with the news, but she surprised him by taking it with some calm. It was then that she told him all she wanted was his happiness. She hid from him her real feeling, and said she would move. "I won't walk out in high dudgeon," she declared, ignoring his assurance that they could all live happily together, "don't fear I'll embarrass you with Lorna. I love you too much."

A little later, Jeff called on Emory to say he was quitting. Pressed for a reason he confessed he was in love with Rosemary, but could never tell her. Rosemary, overhearing him, demanded he tell her the next afternoon. He said stiffly: "I can't marry you. I have a wife already."

And then Rosemary learned that years ago, he had married a rich woman older than himself who hoped he would come back to her and would not divorce him.

Rosemary assured him he need not quit on her account and decided to join her mother. David and Lorna pleaded in vain with her not to leave. She kissed her father good-by. "Be happy," she said as she boarded the train to Washington, realizing poignantly that Jeff loved her and she loved him. And now it was all over and she would go on, where?

(And Now Go on With the Story)

ROSEMARY's mother was not in the apartment when she reached Washington, but it did not matter, as the manager gave her the key. A maid would be sent up to Miss Malard wished.

"No, I'll get along nicely, thank you."

But the rooms, when she let herself in, were close and hot and stuffy with the smells of Vicki's perfumed powder. Vicki's expensive agent's rug that needed airing and Vicki's forgotten breakfast tray on which a limp orange died and an eggshell dried drearily.

Rosemary pushed up the windows, looked down into the leafless park, at the naked trees in which as yet no sap stirred. Her room had been stripped and the bare mattress and pillows and an infirmly look. The mirror was dusty and the waste basket had not been emptied.

Vicki was not a tidy person. Probably she was at Haynes' house now. Later Rosemary would telephone, and find out. Perhaps she'd go over to Virginia herself and ride the hills with Haynes, among his lambs.

"I have to do something," she thought aloud wearily as she wiped the film from the mirror and searched the linen cupboard for clean sheets and towels.

She unpacked her clothes and hung them again on the padded hangers from which they had been so briefly removed. Then she sat down at the little desk to write a brief note to her father. But the mere act of putting his name at the head of the page sent her mind racing off unhappily again. So she tore up the sheet and wrote a telegram instead, with a careful attention to the Slopes and "Regards to Jeff and the Patricks" at the end.

Then she ordered her supper sent up, a hot soup and a chop and asparagus, ate in her room alone, trying to read the evening paper but not doing very well at it because her eyes would not stay on the print.

When dark fell she put in a call for Haynes Hillis' farm, and learned that the party had gone to a dance at a Hunt Club. It was two in the morning when the telephone shrilled, waking her from an exhausted sleep, and she sprang up with pulses pounding, half dazed—Jeff—perhaps Jeff was calling—but it was her mother's voice that came over the wire.

"Rosemary, what in the world? We just got in—they told me you were calling from Washington. What happened? And where are you now?"

"Why, mother, I'm here, of course—in your apartment. Where else could I be? I de-

cided to come back. I'm going to stay for a while, but don't change your plans. I'll tell you all about it when I see you."

"That's about it, of course you won't stay there. I'll come tomorrow morning—no, wait, Rosemary—Haynes says you're to come over here. The weather has been foul and some of the people have left but he wants me to stay on. He'll come for you in the morning, he says at eleven."

"No, mother, please—" But Vicki had hung up.

ROSEMARY went back to bed, resigned. After all it did not matter. She might as well go to Virginia. She would go and ride and dance and laugh and perhaps she would marry Haynes. Haynes was gallant, life would be easy—and there was always divorce if they tired of each other. She would not be one of those leech-women who cling—like that creature to whom Jeff Lane was married.

But when Haynes came she seemed not to see him at all. She seemed to be looking through him somehow, not seeing the brushed sleekness of his black hair, his handsome head and wide shoulders. Instead of Haynes' tallness, silhouetted against yellow satin draperies, she could see only Jeff, white and miserable, the suffering shame of his look, the fomented helplessness in his eyes.

Haynes was talking, making plans, urging her to hurry, and all she heard was the metallic wheels saying over and over, "I have a wife. I have a wife."

"I must be going crazy," she thought. Aloud, she said, "I'm glad mother didn't insist on you, Haynes—I have to tell her that my father is being married again. I dread it."

"Hm!" mused Haynes, opening an expensive cigarette case. "So that's the reason for your sudden return? But it shouldn't be a shock to Vicki—she has lived her own life so long."

"She has lived her own life, but it's odd about marriage—it seems not to end, even when it's ended—if you get what I mean. Mother could have married again, but she didn't—but now that her first marriage is over, definitely. You mean it's going to be a bit of a shock to gay little Vicki—not to have an old love lingering in the background? Yes, I can see that. And he recovered first—puts her out of his life forever—I can see that that would be a bit of a blow. A sort of affront to a proud woman. I'll help you out, Rosemary—we'll make a sort of a joke of it, ease the blow, as it were. I suppose he's marrying some one younger and much prettier than Vicki? They usually do, those sly, quiet chaps."

"No, he isn't. He's marrying a woman his own age. The Lorna Patrick who writes books."

Haynes whistled. "Aiming high, eh? I've met Lorna Patrick. She lived in Washington for a while. She was quite a sensation. I can see that it isn't going to be exactly a joke, telling Vicki."

Rosemary was silent and a little confused. She had convinced herself that the Sergeant was conferring some sort of boon on Lorna, some godlike condescension. And now all her values had to be readjusted.

"I must be still very young—and naive," she was thinking as she rode across the Chain Bridge in Haynes' long yellow car.

There was no Spring abroad on the hills of Virginia, except for an occasional daffodil dancing untried in the black wind, but that fitted her mood, for there was no Spring in her heart.

XV

AFTER all, Rosemary decided, her mother took the news very well.

She said, "I warned you, you know, darling. I told you you were doing things all wrong to devote yourself to Emory so fanatically. I told you this would happen and that you'd find yourself all adrift with nothing to anchor to. Think goodness, you still have your mother. What sort of a person is this Patrick woman—arty, I suppose? Short hair and long cigarette holder—that sort of thing?"

"No," Rosemary made herself be fair. "She isn't. She's quite pretty—beautiful, in an odd, striking way. Very white hair and big black eyes."

"White hair? How odd is she, for Heaven's sake?"

"She has a grown son, who is in the cotton business. He must be twenty-seven or eight. So he can't be so much younger than father."

"Oh! A grown son. Well, Emory hasn't gone entirely out of his mind and taken to matching his lost youth against that. That some comfort—to know he hasn't surrendered

"Look Carefully at the Woman in the Black Gown," Said Vicki to Rosemary, "She Is Mrs. Geoffrey Lane."

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a lot of it to get you launched properly. But you could make things much easier, Rosemary, by being a little nice to Haynes. He's terribly in love with you—he talks about it incessantly. What did you say?"

"I was wondering if men who are terribly in love talk about it incessantly. I had an idea that love went deeper, that people who had it truly, couldn't talk about it."

"You've been reading books, darling. Haynes is in love with you and he is a charming person and this is a delightful place. So quaint and interesting and absolutely full of history. But if you should make up your mind to marry Haynes, for goodness sake insist on some kind of adequate heat for this fire."

"I suppose we can arrange things later," she said, "but it is going to take money and

(Continued on Page 13)

A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a suit and a hat, looking slightly to the side. The image is a close-up, showing the man's face and upper torso. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark bow tie. He has a mustache and is looking towards the right of the frame. The background is dark and out of focus.

HE WOULD have been great for Mrs. Magdalene Friend Lanskop if she could have proved not long ago in Superior Court that she was as crazy when she divorced her two-million-dollar husband for a \$25,000 cash settlement and married her carter.

But Judge John J. Lapee decided she was sane at the time of the divorce—so she is not the widow of a rich gambler, as she is labeled, but still the wife of the gardener and therefore cannot collect a dowry interest of \$1,000,000 from the estate of the late Dr. Emanuel Friend.

A mere man testified that he had seen her in public with her hair tousled so that it would impress the judge. It was also shown, among many other things, that she had borrowed money which she really did not need, but that she had called Lapee.

Foreseeing his ex-wife's dower suit, he left a box full of deadly legal ammunition for the estate's lawyers to use against her.

The strange career of Magdalen Alexander Friend Lanskop is in many ways a parallel to that of Trilby in Du Maurier's novel, except that Magdalen is a Trilby in reverse, perhaps more remarkable for that reason.

But at the peak of her triumph and the start of her most important recital, Svengali dropped dead and Trilby suddenly snapped out of her long hypnotic trance to find herself out on a stage, making uncouth sounds which horrified a great audience. The shock, beyond human endurance, caused her death, soon after.

As if in answer to her prayer, appeared Dr. Emanuel Friend, with piercing dark eyes, a sort of combination angel and Svanglali. True, he was 57 and she only 24, but he had an advantage not always possessed by angels and which impressed Magdalen's mother greatly.

Like Trilby, Magdalen Friend Says, She Was Under Her Medical "Svengali's" Stares for 16 Years, Cooking His Meals in a Bathroom, Until Everything Went Blank—When She Came To, She Was a Poor Gardener's Wife, Not the Doctor's Widow, the Court Ruled, So She Couldn't Inherit His Money

Svengali who, instead of using the magic power of his eyes to reinforce her ambition to be a dramatic star, paralyzed it entirely. It was a stunning blow but, as her mother pointed out, a career might be well lost in consideration of the compensations that go with being the wife of a man who was rolling up his second million.

But none of these appeared. Her life was a nightmare of poverty in the midst of riches. According to her statements, corroborated by others, Dr. Friend was not only one of the world's outstanding surgeons but a world's champion tight-wad.

His courtship consisted of taking her to dinner in a fine expensive car, worthy of Chicago's leading surgeon. After dinner he sent her home in a rather old hotel. But supposed he occupied a room there. After marriage, no doubt she would get him to move into an even larger one at a better hotel. From the fact that he found time to attend her performances, night after night, she assumed that after marriage he would take her places most every evening and daytimes she would spend in acquiring jewels, fur coats and the rest of the resplendent wardrobe supposed to go with the position of a rich man's wife.

position in her career knocked on the head, this is what she says happened to all her other illusions: Magdalen states that her wealthy bridegroom was too busy with life-and-death operations to go anywhere for a honeymoon and he would not hear of moving to a newer hotel.

His suite consisted of one small bedroom and a bath. Instead of a chef to cook for her, a butler out to wait on her, when they did not dine out in splendor, the astounded bride found the little bathroom cluttered

On this the bride was invited to cook their meals. No more extravagant dining out. She must understand that he had frittered away enough in restaurants while he was courting her.

When Trilby came out of her long hypnotic trance she had no recollection of any of the events while under Svengali's spell. Magdalen, unfortunately, remembers the low spots of her 16 years of married life, all too well.

Stamped on her memory, she says, is the scene of those endless evenings at home in the bathroom-kitchen combination or the boudoir-pantry with her dresser topped, not with a \$1,000 ivory and gold toilet set but with a shabby mountain of pots, pans, salt, pepper, mustard can, a couple of oranges, a loaf of bread, flanked by her husband's military brushes and her own comb and brush parked amid a can of beans and half a dozen po-

On top of the bed might be a layer of newspapers, on which were parked other culinary articles such as coffee, sugar and

tea. Before retiring, these had to be placed under the bed in the space already pretty well occupied as a garage for still other objects.

Those endless evenings at home were spent in two

were spent in two ways. In one, the renowned surgeon would read aloud to her the latest book by some other great man in his line.

which might have been interesting except that the meaning was so concealed in medical jargon that she could not understand a word of it.

When he was done reading he would then explain to her in the same obscure language how this was an improvement over the previous operative technique and still he might as well have been talking Choctaw, for all she could make out of it.

Nevertheless these dreary evenings were not quite so bad as those in which he had no new book to read and simply sat staring at her.

On such occasions she stood it as long as she could and then would beg him to stop staring at her. His reply was invariably: "I am not staring at you. You are staring at me."

This was partly true because no amount of will power could keep her eyes away from him. Even when he was away from the apartment during the day she had no peace. Every little while, she says, he would call up to demand what she was doing and say, "where were you when I called at 11:17?"

But one day, towards the end, she defied him enough to purchase a pair of pink sheets for the bed. In wrath the millionaire cut off the slender household expense allowance. But he soon put it back—otherwise he would have been forced to fritter away money in restaur-

Another motive may have been that she had signed a pre-nuptial agreement to accept \$25,000 in lieu of all dower and alimony rights.

Finally, in a lucid interval, she ran away and sued him for separation maintenance.

Dr. Friend, brilliant in the courtroom as in the operating room, countered with a divorce action and won it. Magdalen accepted the stipulated \$25,000 plus about \$5,000 more for her attorneys' fees.

The pre-nuptial agreement was among the ammunition he left for the estate's lawyers to shoot at Magdalen. It might possibly have been set aside as part of her alleged hypnotic state but the document was also signed by her mother and another relative.

Magdalen says she doesn't remember a thing about all this until one day, in the midst of a bridge game on the Coast, she abruptly remarked:

"The doctor is dead."

At that very moment he had died in Chicago of heart failure. She found herself in the midst of strangers who seemed to know her, went home to a strange house and was greeted by a strange husband, George Lanskop, a Dane, much younger than herself whom she had promoted from gardener to husband.

Vowing that this was all a tragic mistake, she returned to Chicago, and sued to have everything set aside back to the point she last remembered, where she was still the wife of the surgeon.

This, according to her lawyers would have put her in line for about a million dollar interest in the estate.

Witnesses, including alienists, testified that Magdalen had been out of her head. Two doctors said that Dr. Friend had told them that she was going to be a mental case and that \$25,000 was cheaper than institutionalizing her for life.

At the end of a long trial Judge Lupe's decision was that she could not be converted from the wife of a poor gardener to the widow of a rich surgeon.

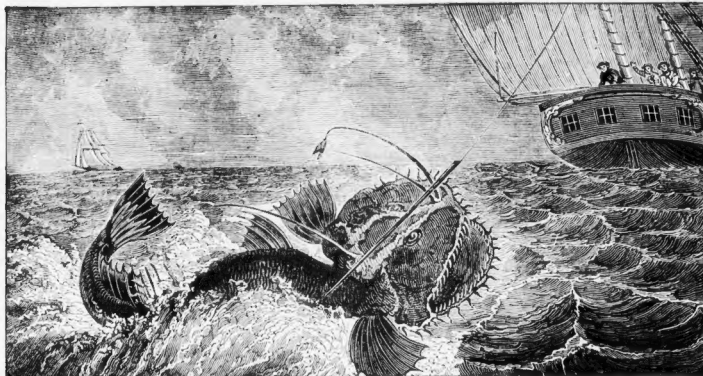
What is going to happen to the doctor's fortune is another question. His will, filed for probate in 1938, provided that most of it was to be used to establish a home for aged people, under control and management of the Michael Reese Hospital. If that hospital didn't accept the offer, the trustees of the estate were directed to make the same proposition to the Albert Merritt Billings Hospital, maintained by the University of Chicago.

So far, neither of those hospitals has made formal bid for the fortune. Representatives of each institution have indicated that they are not interested in creating and maintaining the kind of home the doctor specified, on the grounds that to do so would not conform with their present policies.

Magdalen As An Aspiring Actress; and Right—16 Years Later When She "Woke Up" To Find Herself a Poor Gardener's Wife Instead of a Rich Man's Widow.

*Cramped Into a
Tiny Hotel
Suite With Kitchen
Utensils on Her
Dressing Table, a
Gas Plate in the Bath-
room, Sugar, Spice and
Vegetables on the Bed
and Under It, and Every-
where the Hypnotic Eyes
or Slightest Move, She Fell
then Claimed, That Her
Rights Slipped Right
Fingers.*

When the Yankee Clipper Ruled the 7 Seas



A Monster Harpessed by the Mate of the Schooner James Wilkes, Near Demerara in 1831. He identified it as a "Devil Fish." But From Descriptions of Other Witnesses It Is More Likely to Have Been a Gigantic Angler Fish Driven by Some Submarine Disturbance to the Surface.

By CAPT DAVE LANIERS,
One of the Last of the Clipper Skippers.

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No. 12 (Conclusion) Strange Terrors of the Deep

There are things that happen on the high seas, and in 'em, that'd strain the imagination of most Land-men are slow to believe, but that isn't to be wondered at. From the oldest times they have stayed in their little countries bounded by mountains, sea or laws. But sailors know no bounds. Sailors first explored the world; they went up and down the unknown seas seeking out strange, new places. Then they went home and the landsmen couldn't believe them until they brought back evidence that could be understood by those who hadn't the breath o' sea in their nostrils.

I used to read a lot of the earlier voyages: Hakluyt, Drake, Dampier, Cap'n Cook, Columbus who nearly discovered the continent of America; of Amerigo Vespucci for whom a German propagandist had the gall to name the new world. He said Vespucci had made four voyages about its coasts, but they were never proved. I read of John Cabot who sailed from the port of Bristol to find North America. King James only gave him ten pounds for his pains. So Cabot named the new land for John Amerigo, High Sheriff of Bristol, because he paid higher. The dock he sailed the little St. Matthew from is now a wreck from German bombs.

When I compare the early voyages with the great three-stacked liners crossing the seas with no more fuss than a street car following her worn track I dip my ensign to the old seadogs.

The questions people ask me about the sea! Do Mother Carey's chickens mean bad weather? What are albatrosses? Have I seen a sea serpent? What is the kraken? When I think of the things I've seen I'd give a pretty to have 'em explained all scientific so I could sleep sound.

The kraken, now, some folks think it's a myth from an old Norse belief. But it isn't just that. Krakens do exist. I've seen whales dragged up from the deeps and in their jaws have been tentacles with suckers big as port covers, bit off when they fought the slimy beasts. Oh, they aren't the same as the little octopi the Italians eat, heaven help 'em! They're forty feet long, sometimes, with ten and often twelve long arms slimy and strong as wire cables. Horrors that ride outta the sea had enough to kill a man with plain fear wouldn't be surprised if most of the sea-serpent yarns started with the sight of a kraken rising out of the dark, cold depths to the sunshine where he's no business to be.

Ever been out with a trawler? That'd give ya a lesson on the mysteries in the bottom of the sea. I've seen trawls swung in-board and among the honest fish were monsters that might have been designed by the devil to frighten the ancient monkish saints. Things with more than two eyes, long, hairy feelers and claws where no claws should be; pulpy shapeless things that'd bring bad luck by their very sight.

I've been asked, too, about the Sargasso Sea. That's a mysterious stretch east of the Bermudas, covering several thousand square miles. In my day the horse latitudes, which were on the edge of the Sargasso, were areas of sudden storm and calm which made sailors mighty jumpy until they could pick up the trades and get away from the clinging, yellow weed that makes the Sargasso Sea. The weed is torn from the shores of the Atlantic coasts of Europe, Africa and America and gathered in a tremendous tangle in a sort of gigantic whirlpool where all the winds and currents center.

When I was a young sailor I heard a yarn of the Sargasso that made my hair stand on end.

We had an old hand in the fo'c's'le, one of

those ancient shellbacks like you find in every ship. His name was Bill Jones—at least that's what he told us—and he'd been in every port and almost every jail in the world. He was over

seventy when I knew him, "every hair a spun yarn and all fingers marlin spikes," as they used to say. So you can understand that when he first went to sea the great clippers were following the winds over the wide sea tracks and half the world wasn't known.

If you read histories of the clippers you'll find that most ended their days at sea; foundered, ran aground or were just abandoned. Bill had sailed in the best and the worst and been wrecked so many times he couldn't remember them all.

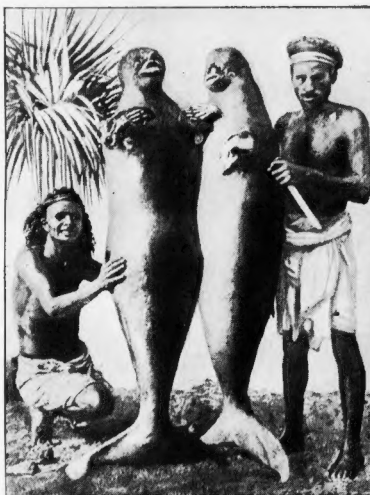
This time he was in the Florida, a barkentine of 900 tons, bound from Baltimore to West African ports laden with iron wood, palm oil and kernels.

They struck heavy weather about four hundred miles east of Freetown, Sierra Leone, their last port. They were staggering through high seas under close-reefed tops'ls one midnight and wind was at hurricane force and the Florida stripped to her masts. They couldn't lay to nor could they rig a sea anchor, for mighty black combers with shiny teeth would rear out of the night and drop on the ship with the crash of doom. She was taken aback, and before morning the masts went by the board, and the cap'n's arm was broken.

It was all up with the little vessel. The boats were smashed and all they could do was hold on and hope to weather it. Bill Jones and another got below to the lazarette for stores. They got beef and biscuit and Bill found some brandy and got a couple bottles stowed in his shirt. During the morning they tried to lash a raft together and managed to make fast a couple kegs of water and some cabin bread. But the hurricane was worse and the tops of the waves were slicing across them like the knives of hell. Some of them braced punches of palm oil to steady the sea but it all washed in-board again and they were covered with yellow scum from it.

"If she fills we're done for," groaned the cap'n. "That iron wood'll drag us down like a stone." Even as he spoke the father and mother of all breakers rose above the tiny ship, curling over her like an immense, green tongue and collapsed like Niagara. The Florida skidded from under it like a plate, reached the top of its flank and dove.

Bill found himself struggling, half choked, in the water; the scream of wind and smash of sea



Two "Mermals"—Actually Manates, Captured in the Red Sea by Arab Fishermen. It Was These Strange Creatures With Their Strikingly Human Features That Probably Led to the Legends of Sirens and Mermals Believed in by the Old Clipper Sailors.

bung drank carefully. The beef and biscuit had somehow washed overboard, but he felt with water he could last until he was picked up.

He sat there all day watching that weed. It was full of little fish, crabs, and thousands of big eels. Once he saw a turtle and searched the raft for a nail to kill it with. Towards night he made out a ship to the south, he stood up and yelled and waved his shirt but there was no answering signal. Then darkness fell and he was alone. By morning he was enclosed by weed and the ship seemed nearer. Some current was dragging him for by evening he was close enough to

see a three-masted vessel with two sticks gone by the board. Shouting, he broke off a plank and showed and paddled the clumsy raft towards the ship, the Red-cliffe, out of Bristol, he read on her stern. He claved alongside just as dark fell. Twice he hailed, but there was no answer. Bill told me he was scared to death as he climbed aboard. He crouched under the rail, his keg of water under his arm, and slept.

At sun-up he took a sip of water and looked around. The deck was a raffle of cordage and shattered timbers. Her rudder was gone and the

deafened him and he struck out not knowing what he was doing. Then something hit him a sickening blow in the back, he clung to it blindly; it was the raft they had lashed together. He found a line and looped it over his shoulders. Then passed out.

When he came to, the raft was sagging over a heavy swell and the sea, as far as the horizon, was covered with a thick weed. There were alleys where the water was clear and the sun shone through broken clouds, burning him in its noon rays. He struggled to his feet searching madly for the keg of water. He sobbed with relief when he found it and carefully tapping out the

big-blow that had foundered the Florida. There wasn't a soul aboard. The hatch was sound and Bill searched the galley and found a keg of biscuits. He smashed those pantries and ate. Then, feeling stronger, he explored that ship. Chronometers were gone, but he found the compass in good order. There were six feet of water in the hold, but he figured it had drained in from the deck for she floated sound as a bell.

Bill began to feel better. Here he was safe, with food and water and a good chance of salvage from the abandoned ship. He ran the Stars and Stripes upside down from the mast and settled to wait for a sail. He'd been there about three days when, through a glass he found in the mate's room, he sighted three wrecks. There was a lot of wreckage in the weed about him too. But some of it didn't look like the spars of any ship he'd ever heard of; it was kind of antique-looking and rotten. Later that day he got a good sight of one of the wrecks and what he saw gave him a nasty turn. It was a high-pooped vessel with three galleries of windows in her stern, like pictures of old galleons he'd seen. Then he understood. This was the Sargasso Sea and he was in it! The grave of tired derelicts where the mighty currents spun old ships through eternity in the weed unless a tempest freed the poor wrecks to sink to their rest at the bottom.

Bill yelled with the shock. Would he too, stay in that limitless rottenness until he died as those ships had, until his bones bleached by the pitiless sun sink beneath the thick, soaked carpet of weed filled with pungent, gas-filled bladders and crawling with minute grubs, crabs and eels?

Desperately he ran below to look for more food; he'd build another raft and try to get away! When he climbed on deck the other ships seemed nearer and the horizon was dotted with others. A slow current was dragging him ever closer to the center of that mighty mass of weed. What would he find there? he wondered. Ancient caravels of Columbus, ghost-haunted relics of the sea still floating after hundreds of years. What frightful writhing things lived aboard those mouldering hulks?

FOR two days he toiled, lashing spars together. Then he realized that the current had dragged him close to the old galleon. The masts were broken off and black-green moss and weed dripped from the catheads and stern gallery. There were square ports through which grinned mouldered can-



Old German Woodcut Showing a Vessel Being Attacked by a Sea Monster. To the Ancients the Ocean Was a Terrible and Mysterious Place and Its Inhabitants Wild and Wonderful Beasts. Picture Was Probably Inspired by a Spouting Whale.



"All About Him the Weed-Covered Hulks of the Sargasso Sea Stretched to the Horizon. Then, Less Than a Cable Length Awaft, Rose the Forepart of a Vessel. As Far as Her Foremost She Dragging Unmentionable, Writhing Things From the Water, And With Her Came a Sour, Fermenting Stench That Poisoned the Very Air."

him. An eel, like a long, mottled arm, slid along the bulging side of her.

That afternoon he shoved some planks overboard and walked across the weed to clumb through a gunport. Stepping through thick seas he reached a deck filled with rotted lincs and rusted chain. Against a gun lay a skeleton, a rusted sword beside it and as he approached a slab slid from the skull sending it clattering from his shoulder bones. Bill jumped back as he saw a green, mewing cries. Great stars swung over him and little streaks of blue fire criss-crossed the horizon where phosphorescence lit up the ghost-ridden hulks.

Next day the sky was like ink and uneasy things disturbed the weed. An awful stench rose and the old hulk rolled like a drunken thing. Stars dropped with muffled crashes and the Redcliffe rolled in the weed slowly, the yellow stuff flapping about her rail until Bill prayed with terror. During the night a wind arose and Bill tried to bend some sail. There might be a chance of that weed breaking and the Redcliffe drifting out, just as she'd drifted in.

"He started figuring. He'd been aboard her ten days. She couldn't have moved more than twenty miles a day. Was he two hundred miles from the edge of the weed? The thought appalled

him. But that old warship had been floating there for hundreds of years.

It was maybe the twelfth day when the storm reached its height. Like a cyclone, the weed heaving like a carpet with wind under it, and the old hulks, there were scores of them now, swaying like scarecrows in a high wind. Then there was a flat calm, the storm center. All around was black sky and the screech of wind, set where he was there was no breath. The old vessel had rolled over, showing her bilge, bright green with sea grass, and gone leaving a stench of death behind her. Black patches of empty water showed where other ships had disappeared, and all around the horizon he could see tossing spars and weed-draped hulls.

It was about noon. Bill was setting on the poop drinking some water and eating bully beef out of a tin. Before him, black weed-hung vessels stared and rocked like stage ghosts. There were the keels of capsized vessels and then he saw a boat, a small boat, floating upside down. He stepped to the rail to see if he could get to the small craft. Then he started back in terror, for ahead of him, less than a cable away, the bowsprit of a ship was rising out of the water. Bill said it looked like the forefinger of Davy Jones coming out of the depths. It came farther; he saw the eyes of a vessel, her forefoot and keel.

Water and weed rolled down her tilted deck with writhing eels and other things. As far as the foremast she came clear, dragging unmentionable horrors, and with her came a sour, fermenting reek that poisoned the dead air. She reared like something in agony, fo'c's'le, foremast, as far as the galley, her bowsprit a hundred feet in the air. Then she turned like a fluking whale and slowly sank.

Bill fainted.

He said afterwards that she must have sunk in the hurricane, her cargo, disturbed by the cyclone, must have been

Thrilling Tales, Never Before Told, of Our Brave, Swift Sailing Ships That Voyaged Perilously Over Strange Seas to Stranger Ports, and That Make Live Once More Days of Adventure That None of Us Will Ever See Again



Dick Trisad, seaman aboard the ship, Durlandate, of Boston, was lost overboard. Flailing on a Chicken Coop, He Was Attacked by a Shark From Which He Defended Himself With a Hand Grasp. The Shark Towed Him Rapidly Out to Sea Until the Grampus Pulled Out, as Shown in This Old Cut.



This Old Engraving From "Tales of the Sea" Published in 1863, Shows Dick Trisad Navigating an Enormous Turtle From Which He Was Rescued by the Ship, Triculus, of New York.

shaken up and filled her with gas that buoyed her to the surface.

He watched four ships sink through the weed and then the wind came down like a wall. The Redcliffe plunged like a hurt horse as the weed ripped away from her. Bill crunched there watching that boat under her lee, praying, sobbing, weeping as the seas crashed it against the Redcliffe. That night it rained and he caught some in a spread sail to save against a drought.

The boat remained grinding alongside his ship but great seas dashed across her and masses of weed like slimy hands mauled him as it slid over the vessel. It was five days before the storm spent itself and he was left shivering with fever and thanking his lucky stars the boat still floated close by.

There was plenty of space between the patches of weed, wide alleys stretching north and south, even lanes to freedom. Hardly Bill stripped and dove into the water, carrying a line which he made fast to the capsized boat. Returning he drove the line through black and windless and pulled the boat out of the water. She was full of weed, crabs and slimy eels, but he poked them out with an old deck broom he'd found and rinsed buckets of water into her until she was clean.

Then he lowered her carefully, so she'd float right up. She was undamaged and he bailed out the remaining water and loaded food, water and a pair of oars he'd found in the carpenter's house on the Redcliffe. Carefully

he took the ship's compass out of the binnacle and fastened it in the mast. Then, dropping a small lug sail into her, he pushed clear of the derelict.

Clear, he hoisted the sail and a light breeze carried him north. At night he ran into the weed twice, showing off, heart in his mouth, until he was clear. Next day he lashed wisely to avoid great patches of weed and thanked his lucky stars that stretches of open water still gave him hope. The second night, exhausted, he furled his sail and slept.

When he awoke it was broad daylight and the boat was fast in the weed. Wearily he shoved off into a channel and stepped his mast. All that day he tacked and filled through the narrowing passage and that night he pushed on through the darkness, terrified that he might be trapped. But when day broke he could see the open ocean ahead. There was no wind and he rowed frantically until his hands, hard as they were, were raw with blisters. On and on he went always watching the brown line of weed astern. Then a wind came up and carried him rapidly northwest out of danger.

He told me he was picked up by a whaler and served in her a year and a half until she finished her cruise. Then he landed at Newburyport.

I heard him spin that yarn many times, and once or twice I saw doubt in it. But I don't think that weed would stop a big vessel; perhaps a small lug with little wind. Sometimes I think Bill dreamed it all.

MERMAIDS are other things that have made many a good yarn. Well, I've seen one! Yes, a true mermaid, sitting in the water, large as life and sucking her baby.

We were off the Cameroons River waiting for a pilot. It was late in the afternoon and the day was fast as crystal. Wet season, you know, and the air so clear you could see for miles. Astern the twin peaks of Fernando Po showed above the clouds and to the north the shattered peak of the Cameroons volcano looked about a mile away. The sea was like a greasy opal in the sunlight. From the south the reek of sundried fish came to us. We had a few hanks over trying for barracuda. The barracuda in the light of Benn aren't like the savage sea-tigers off Florida, they're small and mighty good eating.

I was watching my float when a boy came to

(Continued on Page 16)

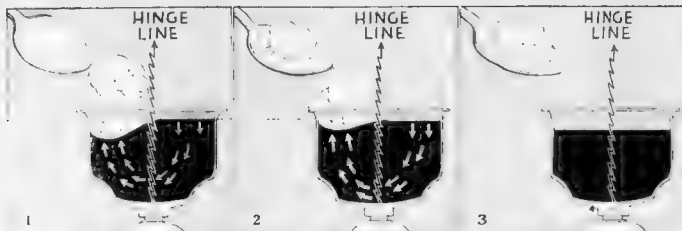


The Kraken, Fearsome, Ten-Armed Denizen of the Ocean, Was Famed in Mythology. This Illustration Shows the "Battle of the Kraken" by Captain Nemo and His Crew in Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

From the Most Ancient of Times Sea Tales Have Told of Mermaids. Here is Shown the Merman, Jack Robbins, of the Ship "Chorister" of New York, and a Mermaid, Off the Great Bahama Bank.

Why Hudson's Bay Is Slowly Drying Up

Instead of Deepening as Its Ice Mountains Melt, Lessening of Their Weight Causes Earth "Lifts" That Are Steadily Reducing the Water's Depth, Dr. Gutenberg, Geophysicist Explains — But It Won't Disappear for 10,000 Years



1—Much of the United States and Canada is analogous to a glass of gelatin. With ice cream on one side equivalent to the mass of ice that once covered Hudson's Bay, the ice-cream depresses the surface.
2—As pressure is lessened on one side of the "hinge," the surface under it rises, and the other side of the "hinge" sinks.
3—With pressure entirely removed, both sides reach the same level.



Ice to a Depth of 10,000 Feet Covered Canada During the Ice Age. As the Ice Melts, This Weight for Earth's Deeps. The Land North of the Imaginary "Hinge Line," Which Separates the Weighted from the Unweighted Area, Lifted While That to the South Sank in Much the Same Manner as the Surface of the Glass of Gelatin Pictured at the Top.

Dr. BENO GUTENBERG,
Professor of Geophysics,
California Institute of Technology.

IT MAY be asked when Hudson's Bay will dry up. The answer is, "Never." The bay will not give up its fishing reputation, and it will be a long time before the bay is completely dried up.

Nevertheless, in comparison with the short life of man, it is slow in her work and we must wait for 10,000 to 20,000 years before Canada's largest body of water is completely dried up.

It is a fact that the bay is slowly drying up. The water level is falling at the rate of one-half inch per year.

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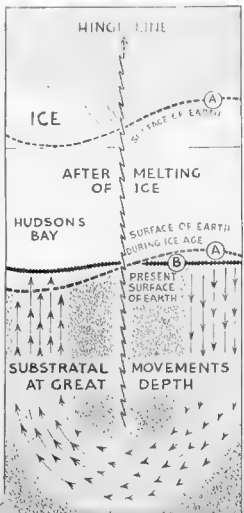
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Dr. Gutenberg's Diagram Explains Why Hudson's Bay Is Drying Up. Above, Before the Glacial Ice Melted, the Pressure Forced the Surface of the Earth Beneath It Downward While a Proportionate Area of Unweighted Land Rose. Below, After Melting of the Ice, and With This Pressure Removed, the Surface of the Earth Tended to Return to Its Former Level and Force the Bottom of the Hudson's Bay Upward.

This is no small job, this lifting, when consideration is given the fact that this region once was covered by a vast mass of ice measuring 10,000 feet in thickness and exerting a pressure per square foot over the bay calculated at 625,000 pounds.

Because of this huge mass of thickly packed ice, Hudson's Bay is feeling now, as it has felt for thousands of years, a greater effort from the release of that pressure than any other section of North America.

The center of the ice cap was somewhere in the region of Hudson's Bay and its thickness decreased from there in all directions. The glacial area was bounded on the east and west by the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and extended to approximately the Canadian-United States border on the southwest and beyond the Great Lakes on the southeast.

In our investigation of land tilting in Canada, and the United States we have analyzed records of many tide gauge stations on both sides of the Canadian-United States border. In the Hudson's Bay area the readings obtained from the station at Churchill Harbor show that in this particular region the earth has risen at a rate of between five and ten feet in the last ten years.

As a consequence of this melting and pos-



Modern Trading Post on the Shore of Hudson's Bay. Trappers Bring Their Furs and Fishermen Their Catches by Canoe and Motor Launch to Trade for Supplies. But in Another 10,000 to 20,000 Years or So, Scientists Say, the Bay Will Be Completely Dry.

sibly because of other phenomena, the water at all points is increasing, their levels rising at the rate of four to five inches every 100 years.

The relatively small increase in the ocean's level is better understood when it is recalled that the area of oceans and inland seas connected with them (such as Hudson's Bay) is 72 per cent of the earth's total surface, and only a relatively small proportion of the earth was covered by ice during the Ice Age.

Results of our study show that in the Great Lakes region the earth's uplift increases in a northerly direction from nothing in the southern part to two feet per 100 years in the northern section of the region.

This uplift continues with decreasing amount south along the Atlantic seaboard to the region of Boston. From Boston to the vicinity of Milwaukee and beyond there to the west coast there is a line without motion which we call the "hinge line."

The action, it is apparent, slides into reverse at the "hinge line" with the result that south of the line there is a sinking of land.

In checking various data, then, we have found two results of the melting of the great ice cap: an uplift of earth in some areas and a sinking of the earth in other regions.

Who is it that in the course of only a few hundred miles we find these two opposite motions in the earth's movements?

This is because the rising of the land in the northern part of North America pulls behind it material from a greater depth and thus in turn will produce a sub-crustal current (a slow plastic flow) to replace that material.

It is this latter action that brings about the sinking of the land to the south.

This action can most simply be illustrated by a glass of gelatin, topped with ice-cream on one side.

The ice-cream exerts a certain pressure upon and depresses the gelatin.

Now if all the ice-cream is eaten the gelatin beneath it will rise because the pressure has been removed from it. And as it rises it makes space at the bottom of the glass into which the gelatin on the other side of the container will sink.

The "hinge line" in the glass of gelatin would be that imaginary line separating the gelatin covered by the ice-cream from the gelatin that was not topped by the ice-cream.

Ancient Fish Traps Like These Were Found at Points as High as 70 Feet Above the Present Water Level, Showing Where the Shore Line of Hudson's Bay Had Once Been.

At the moment, they practically are nothing, so far as we are concerned, so far as they affect us or our commerce. But in the near future, in 100 years, for example—canals may be affected if, for their waters, they depend upon bays or inland seas now slowly drying. Besides, they may suffer an increasing shrinkage.

Obviously, when Hudson's Bay dries completely natural commerce there will cease. Fishing, a large industry there now, will end.

No doubt some earthquakes have already been the result of the tilting process, but only to a slight degree. Forceful shocks, at best, occur rarely from such origin.

Yet it is safe to assume that some of the recent shocks in the New England States have been of this origin, and the same may be said of those felt in the Scandinavian countries.

Will the ocean levels be much affected in the centuries to come?

The answer quite definitely is no. Accompanying (and apparently affected by) the tilting of the earth there is, we assume, some change in climatic conditions. But this is too slight to be recorded.

For instance, the complete drying of Hudson's Bay would have an effect on climate to an extent only in proportion to the size of the bay.

The neighborhood of the bay would undergo a climatic change. We should anticipate a wider spread between Winter and Summer maximum temperatures.

This is because the water of the bay now absorbs much more heat during the Summer than the dry ground, and in the Winter it gives off more heat than the earth.

But the drying of the bay would have no noticeable effect upon such a large territory as the United States.

There is no doubt but that the climate during the Ice Age was considerably different from that of today, but the cause for the change since that period are not completely understood yet.

Study shows that the last of the glacial era embraced in the Ice Age ended about 10,000 years ago after covering, with relatively brief intervals, 60,000 years.



Since the Ice Age Ended 10,000 Years Ago the Area Around Hudson's Bay Has Been Sinking at the Rate of Approximately Half an Inch a Year. Driftwood, Primitive Fish Traps and Other Evidence of Shore Dwelling Peoples Have Been Found on Rising Terraces as High as 100 Feet Above the Present Water Level. These Prove the Steady Lowering of the Water, as the Great Ice Pack Melted, Thus Reducing the Tremendous Pressure It Exerted Over the Entire Area. At Certain Places Where Ships Passed 100 Years Ago the Water Has Become Too Shallow for Navigation.

(Continued from Page 8)

house. Men are such creatures, red blooded and all that, that they never realize what housewife means, and that they can't put away when they're all over those parties.

Rosemary laughed. The laugh helped clear the murky gloom from her mind a little, eased the pain. After all she was going to have to keep on living, keep the face, suffering half of herself enmeshed in a shell of cool crystal, keep resolution out of her eyes and bitterness out of her voice.

This stimulated, artificial sort of world her mother lived in, was all the world she had. And perhaps after a while, she would get over it—or could she? People must get over things—they couldn't go on living day after day, night after night, with pain.

She said, "I'll poke up this sulky place a little. We could go back to the apartment, mother. It was beautifully warm there when I left."

Vicki sighed. "I'd love a hot bath with no drafts on my back and no windows rattling. But we were invited for the week and they swear this weather is most unusual for this time of year. And now that you are here, we'll have to stay for a few days. But don't let Haynes talk you into riding that gray horse, Rosemary. The creature has a past like a canal and more framework than the Eiffel Tower."

And so life went on. Looking ahead through the length of it, the years and years of it, Rosemary was a little appalled at the job of getting through it.

Mornings with a breakfast tray coming up, and though there were a hundred ways to fix eggs, they were still eggs. And toast was toast, and though she kept a thin little hope alive by feeding it what was left of her dreams, there was never a letter on the tray. Even the Sergeant did not write, and she let her irritation at his neglect grow and grow. After all, she had been generous, leaving the field to his Lorna, freeing his life from considerations.

She rose and walked a great deal by day, because it made her so weary she could sleep at night and forget the rattle of car wheels, and because Haynes was so much more tolerable viewed in the open air, and in his role of country squire, than under his historic roof.

Out in the wind and the

SELECTED FICTION WHEN A GIRL'S IN LOVE

prolonged Spring seasons, he became expensive and a bit boastful and inclined to make grand gestures, but beside a fire at night on cushions playing bridge he was too possessing, too intimate making open love to her and taking her response for granted.

I suppose I'll have to marry somebody," she thought, letting inertia have its way with her. Probably I'll have to. I'll see that one. He'd be good to go so long as I don't disgrace the Tillis tradition. And maybe I could learn to like sheep. Mother'd be happy, anyway."

SHE watched her mother, wondering what life meant to Vicki. What did she get out of it? Was there nothing beyond clothes and new hats and experimenting with cosmetics and hair tints, nothing more than pre-emptive bolts and the right sort of canapes, and good partners at dances for women of this world she had returned to?

Vaguely they were aware of the rest of humanity, of hospitals that needed checks with increasing frequency and modulates who were temperamental because their backs ached or their husbands had diabetes.

They knew that there were struggling people, poor people, wretched and sick people, but none of this had backwash affected them. Dust on the shining cow of a car, eyebrows not properly dyed, hair badly tinted, a gown that did not fit, these made up their tragedies. Marriage was agreeable so long as it was comfortable, but love and pain and glory touched them but lightly.

Edda Chase was still a guest in the Tillis house. Rosemary watched her mother slip out her pretty gloves and make well-bred passes at Edda, hourly. A young married couple named Devlin were there too, handsome and definitely hostile to each other.

The Holderman girl and Miles Crawford were gone.

"You need some men, Haynes," Vicki said, "this place is practically a harem. But it's no use



"Don't Let Haynes Talk You Into Riding That Gray Horse," Vicki said to Rosemary, "the creature has a past like a canal."

to bother because Rosemary and I must go back Monday. I may take my child down to the Times for a while, she's such a creature of the man she hopes when the cold wind blows. Why don't you let some one else mind the sheep, and you come along too? The riding and golf are good there at this season of the year," Vicki

said, six transatlantic planes at Potts Chase when Haynes said, "I might as well go. You want me around Rosemary?"

Rosemary had been counting the progress of the aristocratic dinner. She had already counted the faded roses in the heavy old carpet, and the brass-headed birds that studied the lid of a Chinese box. Now she let her eyes roam out behind her. Haynes, there was surprise in his face and his color had increased. Across the room Edda Chase looked up from the backgammon board sharply.

"I suppose," said Rosemary, "that there should be somebody to help me on a horse."

"THEY have grown to do that," said Edda, acerbic. "they had one handsome chap, a college boy full of illusions about lovely women and on fire with a terrific ambition. You'd get along beautifully with him, you're so refreshing. You're Rosemary. You should keep that big-eyed look, it's such an asset, like bloom on grapes, or something. Or is it an acquisition? I'm quite sure it wasn't an inheritance."

"Look here, that's my man you're moving," protested Harry Devlin.

"Don't lose any more money, Harry," his dark-skinned wife drew her bitter mouth into a mirthless smile, "I refuse to have my Spring clothes made over another season."

"My aunt's cat! She wears out twice and then sells them to the maids for stocking money." Devlin had a narrow, unpleasant face.

Rosemary got up wearily. It was raining outside, a melancholy drizzle, without emphasis a spiritless sort of rain that dripped and chilled.

"I think I'll go out and walk for a little," she said, "I seem to be stifled." Not being able to endure any more.

Haynes got up briskly. "I'll go with you."

Edda Chase said immediately, "well all go."

"We will not," Harry Devlin

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"We will not," Harry Devlin

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gearshift and note the many other fine-car features that set the Ford apart among all cars near its price for mechanical excellence!

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FOREST DEFENSE IS NATIONAL DEFENSE

most of them about 15 to 20 years old. In some cases, the trees are so old that they are practically dead, and will not grow again.

A visitor to the forest in Washington State, the Forest Service recently found that the trees have been killed by a fire which burned through the forest in 1915. The trees were killed by a fire which burned through the forest in 1915. The trees were killed by a fire which burned through the forest in 1915.

The wide trail at the foot of a high snag cut in the forest. No combustible material but was closer than 50 feet, yet the heat from the converging fire was so intense that all clothing was burned from the backs of the corpses. Con lay in the ashes of a pocketbook beside one of the victims.

In terms of snail, tail, pub-

and to the forest, the trees are so old that they are practically dead, and will not grow again.

1915, however, because of the heavy rain, the fire did not spread as far as it had in 1915. The trees were killed by a fire which burned through the forest in 1915.

event, there are some 50,000,000 trees in the South, but the protection is comparatively poor and inadequate.

(Continued on Page 19)

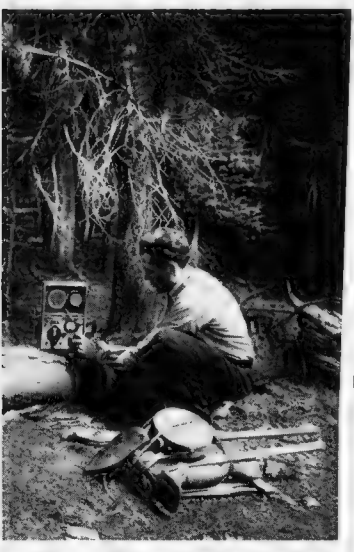
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A Fireman in the Umatilla National Forest, Oregon, With Fire Control Equipment and Telephone, Using Short Wave Radio.
Photo by U. S. Forest Service.

(Continued from Page 5.)

average of \$5,185,501, while second in point of average damage was Georgia, the figure being \$3,610,700. The forest land in Georgia is about 10,000,000 acres, on the basis of the estimate, it amounts to 10 percent of the total.

Florida forest fires are a rule low-burning and creep slowly but surely through the woods, in contrast to the flaming crown fires of the West which sometimes sweep through the tree tops faster than a man can run. These slow fires are and weaken rather than destroy the growth.

On the other hand, they kill off many of the young trees and seedlings, thus running the forest by preventing reproduction, and take a devastating toll of wild life, particularly of the young birds and animals.

Oversees heavily responsible for the Florida fires is the deep-rooted, mistaken belief of the typical Florida land holder that it pays "to burn the woods." The widespread conviction is that the fires increase the growth of forage grass in the woods.

Foresters for years have waged an uphill campaign to demonstrate that in the long run forest fires ruin the forests, and that many of the lands are of such low fertility they can be made to yield higher income as pine woods than as open range. Figures of the Forest Service as to value of forest fire in the State are startling. These records show that 61.5 percent of the fires are set by deliberate wood burners, 21.2 percent are due to forest burners, 4.2 percent to campers, 1.8 percent to campers, 1.6 percent to railroading, 1.1 percent to lightning, while 22.2 percent are classed as unknown or miscellaneous.

Further fight on Florida's problem of the woods burner is aided by these facts: Of the State's 22,251,000 acres of forest land only 4,576,000 are under organized fire protection. On the protected lands in 1910, about 130,000 acres were burned. Of 4,576,000 acres, about 10,000,000 acres as a result of deliberate wood burners, 21.2 percent as a result of forest burners, 4.2 percent as a result of campers, 1.8 percent as a result of campers, 1.6 percent to railroading, 1.1 percent to lightning, while 22.2 percent are classed as unknown or miscellaneous.

As a rule, the mature animals and birds escape the slow Florida fires, though in breeding season many deer or quail mothers die in the fire rather than leave their nests or little ones.

What is more destructive to the mature animals over a long period is the after-effects of the blazes. Forest fire destroys the wildlife habitat, that is the shrubs, bushes, berries and low-hanging trees which provide them

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Here's ham so tender it melts in your mouth... Sugar-cured and slow-smoked to a new high in rich, mild flavor!

Makes mouths water... Grapefruit, Oranges and Fried Star Ham.

Want something refreshingly new for breakfasts, bridge lunches, evening party snacks? Here it is! Simple, thrifty and TASTY! Just fix thin center slices of Armour's Star Ham and place on buttered toast. Serve surrounded by alternating segments of orange and grapefruit. The juicy tang of the fruit, combined with the mild, flavorful Star Ham provides a taste sensation guests will delight in! Be sure to use Armour's Star Ham. Its tenderness and flavor is the making of this dish!

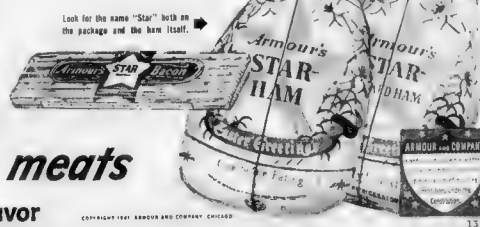
For a Bountiful Easter Breakfast—Serve Star Bacon and Poached Eggs

Traditional as the Easter bunnies themselves is a bacon and egg breakfast for Easter! And here's one that's tops in flavor—with Armour's Star Bacon. Smoked over fragrant hickory and hardwood fires, sugar-cured, extra firm, for bigger, even slices after cooking—Star Bacon is rich with that sweet, old-time flavor. Broil or fry plenty of strips and serve with poached fresh Cloverloom eggs on toast. A feast found to make Easter happier for you and yours!

First of feasts is Easter! And there's no finer choice for this happy occasion than a magnificent Star Ham! It's specially processed in two exclusive ways to give the tender, quicker-cooking, milder ham America prefers.

Sugar-cured the new, tender way by Armour's own secret process. Then slow-smoked by Soap-Water Control over fragrant hickory and hardwood fires to the peak of mildness and flavor delicacy. ... Rich in health values—one good serving of Star Ham supplies a full day's thiamin (Vitamin B₁) requirement for the average person. For your family and guests, choose the ham that heads the Easter parade of good things to eat—Armour's Star!

Ask for Star Ham tender-cooked to perfection, in the yellow wrapper—or perfectly smoked, ready to cook, in the white wrapper.



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Planning Closet Space for Modern Needs

THE theme of this morning's talk was furnished by a recent visit to a so-called "model home." There, as the writer wandered her way through the house and into the model kitchen, appeared her pet peeve—a kitchen "cleaning cabinet."

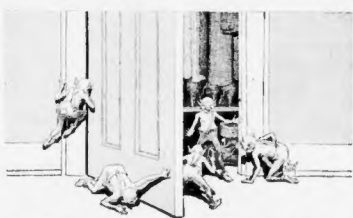
Without doubt, this cabinet was a man-made contraption, for any practical woman could see at a glance that such limited space might hold a broom and a mop, and possibly a couple of extra leaves from the dining-table, but that in less than a month such a "closet" would degenerate into nothing more than a trap, and that, instead of really housing tools, it would become a catch-all for everything—without a place for anything.

Modern home-makers are not satisfied with a closet which is nothing but unplanned space, or bags on which to hang clothing. They insist, and rightly, that all such storage space be studied with relation to the clothes or tools which it is to protect and to keep in the best working condition.

Let's take the cleaning closet first, and see its requirements. The real rule is to fit the space to what must be contained. Thus, a cleaning closet must find space for a vacuum cleaner and its attachments, a corn or fiber mower, a broom, a floor hair broom, a dust-dump, a wet squeegee, scrub-mop, many sizes of brushes, cloths, and an assortment of cans and bottles of cleaners and liquids.

How best is each located? The one rule of good closet-planning is to have it shallow and wide, never deep, and so easily becomes a catch-all. Either a flat wall or a corner can be utilized. An ideal is a closet wide by 24 or 20 inches deep, by 6 or 7 ft. high to allow clearance for the many broom-handles.

Place the heavy cleaner, the



pair, the carpet-sweeper first in a row along the floor; group the lighter tools which may be clipped to the back closet wall or to the doors, use a shoe-bag for holding cleaning cloths; install clips to hold up each broom-handle so that its bristles will not drag on the floor or be pressed down out-of-shape by heavier tools dumped on top of it; insert snap-hooks at intervals to hold up cord of the cleaner or other electric cords; build a narrow shelf all along the top to accommodate cans and cleaners, or make two small wide shelves lower down one wall to serve the same purpose.

In all installation follow the "staggered" method of placing one tool higher than another, then the next lower, so that the bulky portion of one tool will fit into the open space left by the one below it, and so on—simple placement, but effective.

Clothes closets follow the same rule of being shallow and wide, no matter where located. In what room, or whether they are designed for the use of one person or two. The closet can be a fine 3-feet "walk-in" closet, or a minimum 2-feet depth, or the width can be clear across

the whole end of a bedroom, if desired. In all cases, the clothing itself should be carried on extension rods, which come in different capacities but which usually carry from 12 to 20 garments. A closet with two sets of extension rods will keep even an elaborate wardrobe in shape, or for one person, a good design is one extension rod, the remaining half of the closet fitted up with shallow tray-like drawers to hold other flat types of clothing, with shoes and hat-racks, etc.

In the same model house mentioned, a new and excellent idea was applied to the clothes closet in the master bedroom. The doors were flush type, when closed; but, to open them, the doors slid backward on a metal track (on both floor and ceiling), after the manner of some modern garage doors. This construction allows for more unobstructed floor space in the room in front of the doors, and does away with the frequent annoyance of "too many doors" opening out into a bedroom or other room.

In clothes closets in dusty localities, the closet floor may be hung up at least 2-feet above the room floor. Other fittings

in the closet, such as the series of narrow shelves at 18 inches apart. Any handy woman can line her entire closet with quilted material in her chosen color, and outline each shelf with its narrow band of gay-colored tapes or ruffs.

In some of the exhibits seen of modern homes and unusual furnishings, it is difficult to say where a single piece of furniture may be a dresser, bed, and a closet end—or vice versa. Thus, in the same large or master bedroom which displays the closet doors on tracks is seen a combination dresser-closet, running the full width of one end of the room. In short, no separate "dresser" or "chest" whatever was employed; the space needed to hold flat garments, or personal belongings, was all constructed in the form of cupboards built into and concealed in one construction unit, the top of which served as the real dressing-table top.

Yes, we should say that house architects are looking to the boat-and-shed type of built-in construction, where, in the

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

most restricted cabin, are still to be found drawers, lockers, cupboards and hangers for every item of personal need. Thus, in a boy's room, the space under the beds was closed in, flush with the worktops of the bed, and here were located two deep drawers in which shoes and other belongings could be kept. The same room had an interesting small cupboard at the head of the bed, designed to hold a moderate amount of clothing, with

the upper part opening to the ceiling for the accommodation of the guest's suitcases. Today, the modern home uses equipment totally different in its space requirements than that of the house of former days. We have a typewriter, for example, in many a child's or adult's room; perhaps a projection machine, which requires most careful housing and handling when not in use. Sport accessories, rugs, quilts and chaps, etc., the tools

for a home "hobby." Hence, we see a definite trend towards using living-room wall-space as closets having sliding doors, behind which some of these new furnishings may be stored; or another trend to design table space in such a way that some of it may house a typewriter, camera, or other articles associated with other hobbies; or still another trend for using folding blinds or partitions which will enable a room to serve one purpose at one time, and a totally different use on another occasion.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT I WAS LONELY

WHY didn't romance come to me in the Springtime as it did to other girls? I asked myself that question one soft and stormy night in Spring as I sat listening to romantic music on the radio. Then I heard the announcer say, "Dandruff can stand between you and love. That's why you should use Fitch Shampoo regularly each week. It is sold under a money-back guarantee to remove dandruff instantly—a guarantee backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms." He went on to say that Fitch Shampoo lathers richly and rinses out completely in hard or soft water. Fragrants and dyes from hair ointments on the scalp, a real conditioning treatment that leaves hair shining, manageable and completely free of dandruff.

There was my answer! The shampoo on the left shows how good an answer it was. Sometimes dandruff brings romance to you, too. Try Fitch Shampoo today!

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1. Wash thoroughly with shampoo and water. Dandruff will be loosened and will be removed by scalp massage.
2. All germs, dandruff and other scalp troubles are completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.
3. Microbes have their place, but dandruff has no place. Remove dandruff and scalp troubles with Fitch Shampoo.
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Cap. 1941, P. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Iowa

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

Forest Defense Is National Defense

(Continued from Page 18)

protection for the State and private forest lands of the country, but at present the Federal Government, the States and the private owners together spend just half that amount for the purpose.

On the 173 million acres of national forest land, where protection is about the best there is, and in some forest owned by States and private interest, however, a single cigarette dropped in the mountain, a few sparks during dangerous fire weather—when the temperature is up and the humidity down—can in a matter of hours call up hundreds of men, backed like an army with trucks, tractors, airplanes, mobile pumps, self-kitchens, motor and animal supply trains, aerial photography, portable, two-way radio communication and the latest development in the scientific fire fighting forces which, if it were not for man-caused fires, would not need to be nearly so big and so costly as they are.

Aerial delivery of "smoke jumpers" to fires is still in the development stage, though the system was used to advantage last season and even wider use

is contemplated for this year.

Clad in masks and helmets and bulky padded suits that by means of zippers can be shed in a jiffy, these smoke jumpers are dropped in the vicinity of "smokers" such as modern armies drop parachutes behind enemy lines. They are especially designed parachutes are equipped with lobes which can be manipulated in any landing gear—but not in the fire. Ingenious map devices enable the "smoke jumpers" to escape from their "chutes" should they land in tree tops and they carry rope for the purpose of climbing more easily to the ground.

Once down, they unspool the six-pound, two-way radio that also is a part of their equipment and can talk with the plane or with the nearest lookout stations as easily as you phoned the office.

About the time communication is established, the plane has circled back and parachuted down a fire fighting pack containing a shovel and an axe, a canteen of water, two days' canned ration, a flashlight and a first aid kit. Perhaps a full day's trek in the backwoods as ground crews travel behind enemy lines. He puts out the blaze, if he can, or summons help by radio, reporting conditions and awaiting reinforcements. If the burn already is too big for him.

Airplanes play still another dramatic part in modern forest

fire struggles. By means of the same burlap "chutes" used to pack trucks of tools and supplies to the interior "smoke jumpers," Forest Service pilots drop food and supplies amounting to more than 100 tons a year to ground crews held on stubborn fires in rocky, roadless country.

Foresters cite as an example a recent fire on Bald Mountain in the Los Padres National Forest, California, where 1,000 fire fighters were battling along an almost inaccessible bluff. During that fire, a plane delivered by "chute" about 1,500 pounds in two hours while pack-mules on the ground delivered 300 pounds per six and one-half hours. Flying over large areas of ground, and dropping observers to radio reports on the progress and trends of the blaze to the fire boss on the ground, airplanes also have saved Uncle Sam and other forest property owners millions of dollars in the last few years.

Modern science and invention are continually called upon in the grim war on forest fires. Scientifically designed trucks, at racing speed, rush men, water and pumps, tools and supplies to fire scenes. Others hurry pack mules by the dozen to road ends on their way to fight in the rough, roadless terrain beyond. Still others swiftly transport 11-ton tractors that these may smash surely needed fire lines through thickly treed country, ahead of the holocaust.

Aerial photographs of going fires have been taken from the air, developed in the plane and dropped to anxious fire bosses—all in 20 minutes.

Present research suggests the time when helicopters or revolving-winged planes, able to rise and descend vertically, to "land on a dime" and to hover over a given spot, may finally make practical the bombing out of fires from the air, and may revolutionize present methods of getting fighter crews to fires in difficult, roadless country.

But whether that works out or not, the backbone of the forest fighting force will still be the man with the shovel. That is, the foresters, the seasonably armed fire guards, the CCC boys and the thousands of volunteers recruited wherever possible in emergencies. They build and they hold the fire lines.

Foresters estimate that upward of 50,000 men cut and shoveled, choked and sweat, cure and sometimes die fighting forest fires each year in the United States. In 1938, sixteen died on the job in national forests alone.

Keep them in mind, along with the importance of forests to the National defense, if and when you camp, picnic or merely drive through the great woods this Summer. Otherwise you may find yourself working, unconsciously enough perhaps, for the Red Menace.

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Nautil Dresses of wet jersey.
America's girl chooses new, quick Lux for washable wools—as for stockings, other pretty washables.

3 Times as Fast
In water as cool as your hand, these sheerer flakes dissolve 3 times as fast as any of 10 other leading soaps tested.

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A little goes so far—new, quick Lux is thrifty, too! It goes further, gives more suds (ounce for ounce) even in hard water, than any of these other soaps.

and So Safe
New, quick Lux has no harmful alkali—safe for anything safe in water. In the same familiar box—costs you no more.

New Quick LUX

No wonder 719 out of 783 (over 90%) of the makers of stockings (silk, nylon, rayon, cotton) recommend LUX

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-almanack? Such ideas are as plentiful as the stars in the night sky, and the Almanack hints are printed from the north to the south. For each hint sent in and used in this department we will pay \$1. You may send in as many as you wish. Hint, to be printed, must be returned. Please keep these short hints to be printed in the ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, Box 100, Grand Central Station, New York.

PEELING
Add a tablespoon of vinegar to long-boiled potatoes—it will be easier to peel skin off.
Mrs. McCaill,
Long Island City, N. Y.

EASIER
I have found that almost any child over a year old can be given medicine, even cod liver oil, by mixing it in applesauce or a spoonful of molasses. Sometimes a little cinnamon in the applesauce helps.
Mrs. L. H. Moore,
R. 1, Canton, Mo.

STEAK
Lean beef steak 1 inch thick (enough for family). With kitchen shears cut into inch wide strips, now longer than 4 inches. Dip into canned milk and roll vigorously in flour that has been

sifted with sufficient salt. Fry in deep hot fat as French fried potatoes. Do not fry too long and be careful not to burn. Heap on hot platter. Delicious.
Mrs. Edna Mae Ellison,
Portland, Oregon.

ROSEMARY
Have just finished reading Miss Alice Simms' hint about her use of rosemary in flavoring chops. I use rosemary when roasting chicken. Cut chicken in serving pieces. Season with salt and pepper, a clove of garlic and a tablespoon of rosemary. "Delicious" every one comments.
Mrs. P. Giovannetti,
Cleveland, Ohio.

KEEN
To get more shaves, from double edged safety razor blades, try your husband to run his blades back and forth on the inside of a smooth glass.
Mrs. Stella Kuzma,
River Rouge Mich.

HONEY
When making an apple pie, I often substitute honey for the sugar, which gives the pie a delightfully different flavor.
Mary Olson,
Madera, Calif.

**AS THEY EAT 'EM
IN
NEW ENGLAND**

**B&M
NEW ENGLAND
BAKED BEANS**

**GENUINE
NEW
ENGLAND
BRICK
OVEN
BAKED BEANS**

Try serving B & M Brown Bread and B & M Maine Corn Relish with these delicious baked beans. Burehans & Merrill Company, Portland, Maine.

**Clears the Way
for
BREATHING
COMFORT**

If a stopped-up condition in your nostrils is due to a cold prevents you from sleeping through them, insert Mentholum. Soothing Mentholum clears the mucous-lined passages, lets in the air. It clears the way for breathing comfort.

**Opens
STOPPED-UP
NOSTRILS**

MENTHOLATUM

Gives COMFORT Daily

do FALSE TEETH

Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH is a powder to be sprinkled on false teeth, keeps them more firmly in place. Makes your lower teeth so comfortable with FASTEETH. You'll feel more confident with a firm, stable plate. Slightly alkaline - FASTEETH also checks gum irritation, burning sensation or rash due to the chafing of a loose, wobbly plate or to excessive dryness. Get original alkaline FASTEETH at any drug store. Accurate substitute.

ALKALINE-DENTAL PLATE POWDER

Your Natural Beauty

brought out with aid of
**Mercorized
Wax Cream**

Try this Famous Skin Bleach and Beautifier. Mercorized Wax Cream. Its effective ingredients hasten the natural activity of the skin in fading of freckles, dull or darkened surface skin in tints, invisible particles. This complexion lighterener used as directed reveals the white, never under skin. Beautifies delicate complexion surface skin. Gives a beautiful glow to the face. Remove with soap and water. Use twice daily, morning or evening. Mercorized Wax Cream - Try this complexion, smoothing and refreshing facial. We believe you will like it.

**NOT A COSMETIC, BUT A MILDLY
MEDICATED AID
TO NATURAL SKIN**

Lovely skin

To promote naturally smooth, clear skin cleanse twice daily with mildly medicated, fragrant Cuticura Soap. At night apply soothing Cuticura Ointment on blemishes, also blemishes of external origin. All druggists. FREE sample, write Cuticura, Dept. 10, Malden, Mass.

**CUTICURA
SOAP AND OINTMENT**

FASHION VIEW

**Follow the Color Styles with
Tintex**

**World's Largest Selling
TINTS & DYES**

**KEEP COLOR-FASHIONABLE—SAVE MONEY
ON EVERY ITEM OF YOUR WARDROBE**

So Easy to Use—No Fuss—No Fuss!

10¢ & 15¢ SIZES

AT DRUG, DEPT & 10 STORES

Perfect Results—Used by Millions

PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

Amanack Echoes

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly, 200 Eighth Avenue, New York City, is the address to which they should be sent. Please use the address on the envelope. Please use the address on the envelope. Please use the address on the envelope.

JANNA'S SURPRISE ROLLS

Have been a constant reader of your pages for a year and a half, and now feel as though I must write a few lines of appreciation. Have tried about 40 of the prize-winning recipes and find one as good as the other and so far have never been disappointed.

For my daughter's birthday party I wanted to serve more than just the regular sandwiches, cookies, cake and ice cream. I heard the girls exclaim over their plates. We still call the experiment "Janna's Surprise Rolls" and it continues to be one of our favorites.

Here's hoping this letter isn't too long and that you will find my contribution acceptable:

12 slices boiled ham
1/2 pound pig macaroni (cut in 4-inch lengths)
1 cup grated American cream cheese
2 tablespoons horseradish
12 slices bacon
Mashed potatoes

Cook and drain macaroni, spread each ham slice with the macaroni, cheese and horseradish, and roll. Fasten with two toothpicks. Place far apart in greased casserole or flat baking dish. Cover each with the mashed potatoes forming and patting into the roll shape. Do not allow rolls to touch another. Bake in a strip of bacon snugly, holding a place with two toothpicks. Bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes until bacon is nicely browned or if prepared beforehand and ingredients are cold, at least forty minutes is required. Serve very hot and place red cherry and wedge of pineapple on toothpick tip, using spatula to serve.

Have a gelatin salad of shredded cabbage, carrots, and pineapple served on lettuce nest as accompaniment.

I have varied this recipe occasionally by using the raw smoked ham, browned on both sides and having spaghetti as a filler, or home boiled ham and even just plain bacon strips. Just try it!

Mrs. L. C. Hoffert,
Dubuque, Ia.

ICE-BOX ROLLS AGAIN

Dear Almanack:

I simply must tell you how much I enjoy your food page. I especially want to tell you how much I liked Mrs. John Logan's ice-box rolls. Half of the batch I used for rolls, and with the other half I made doughnuts. They were excellent.

Mrs. Peter J. Korin,
Hammond, Indiana.

(Thank you for your letter, Mrs. Korin. Mrs. Logan's recipe was a great success—Mary Lee Swann.)

READY FOR SALAD TIME?

SPRINGTIME is salad time and the Almanack has 20 delicious salads. My own salad, Avocado Dressing, Cucumber Salad, and many others old and new are on the attractive chart "20 Popular Almanack Salad Recipes." Also 22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes, 18 Casserole Recipes, 18 Almanack Cookie Recipes, 21 New England Recipes, 18 Famous Almanack Recipes, 12 Popular Salad Recipes, 12 Favorite Almanack Recipes, 15 Favorite Almanack Bread and Roll Recipes.

will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each. Write name and address plainly.

**ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT.,
200 EIGHTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.**

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal, Raisins, Cream Toast, Maltine, Coffee.	Breakfast Stewed Apples with Raisins, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toast.	Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toast.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Foamy Omelet, Toast.	Breakfast Sliced Raisins, Cereal, Orange Juice, Toast.	Breakfast Pineapple, Cereal, Boiled Potatoes, Toast.	Breakfast Stewed Fruit, Cereal, Apple, Toast.
Luncheon Cheese Omelet, Tomato and String-Bean Salad, Crip.	Luncheon Omelet, Potato and Mushroom, Orange and Grapefruit Salad, Dressing.	Luncheon Vegetable Salad, Leftovers, Fish, Sauté.	Luncheon Vegetable Salad, Baked Stuffed Potatoes, Beef and Beet Salad, Crackers.	Luncheon Eggs, Coddled Milk or Coffee, Toast, Cereal.	Luncheon Boiled Potatoes, Cereal, Soup, Crackers.	Luncheon Boiled Potatoes, Cereal, Soup, Crackers.
Dinner Pineapple, Strawberry, Tea.	Dinner Ice-Box Rolls, Tomato, Cream, Coffee or Tea.	Dinner Economy Dinner, Baked Fish, Potatoes, Spiced Carrots, Steamed Rice, Cabbage and Mustard.	Dinner Apple Juice or Blackberry Juice, Fried Potatoes, Pudding, Fruit.	Dinner Spang Spang, Fruit Cocktail, Fried Fish, Potatoes, Baked Beans, Applesauce or Broccoli, Jellied Cucumber Salad, Canned Peas, Buttered Sauce.	Dinner One Two Three, Dessert, Fruit, Cereal, Cream.	Dinner One Two Three, Dessert, Fruit, Cereal, Cream.

The American Weekly Patterns





**It's roomier and stronger, too
—this new BODY BY FISHER
on the 1941 General Motors cars**

HERE you see a smarter-looking beauty that's sure to prove a smarter buy as well.

Just open wide the doors of this sleekly streamlined new Body by Fisher—and you'll agree on that.

You'll see that Fisher designers have put an amazing amount of room beneath a trim exterior—more room, in fact, than you've ever enjoyed in a Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

And that goes for the new General Motors cars in every price class.

Designed to Lead the Style Parade

Note, for instance, how the new Body by Fisher advances the style and steps up the value of the 1941 Chevrolet pictured above.

Its longer, lower lines give the entire car a much sleeker, more spirited appearance.

And notice the smoothness of the exterior contour of this new Fisher Body. Not a single door hinge is visible. The running boards are smartly concealed behind the rocker panels. Even the door handles are made to blend into the body itself by their alignment with the belt molding.

That's *real* streamlining—and typical of the thoroughness with which Fisher craftsmen have designed every detail of this advanced motorcar body.

Wider and Longer for Greater Comfort

Now look inside and see what a thorough job they've done to increase comfort, too.

For one thing, the interior of this new Body by Fisher has been lengthened a full 3¾ inches. For another, its seats

—both front and rear—are wider than before.

Thus you get more room for relaxing, as well as a smarter car in which to enjoy the ride.

And how luxuriously you travel on its new sofa-cushioned, steel-framed seats—with crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation for easier fresh-air regulation—and with every detail in appointments, upholstery and fittings exquisitely fashioned in the famed Fisher manner.

New Strength for Increased Security

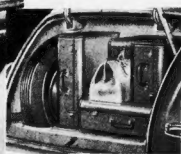
Yes, all these advantages are



A NEW 41° SLANT in the Chevrolet windshield not only flows more gracefully into the roof-line but actually provides a better view of overhead traffic lights—and the windshield glass area is larger than before, thus further increasing the range of visibility.

ALL DOORS ARE HINGED IN FRONT on the 1941 Chevrolet Body by Fisher. This promotes greater safety, since the wind pressure helps keep the doors shut should they become accidentally unlatched. What's more, new door-swing stops hold the doors open wide for easier entrance and exit.

A MORE SPACIOUS LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT in the new Chevrolet sedan is insulated, attractively lined, and carries the spare wheel at the side to provide more room and greater accessibility.



YOU'LL SAY, "CHEVROLET'S FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST!"—and you'll agree one of the finest things about it is its brilliant new Body by Fisher, shown here on the 1941 Chevrolet Special De Luxe Sport Sedan. A bigger body inside and out—with full six-passenger comfort—on the new low-price leader by the builder of leaders—Chevrolet—holder of first place in motorcar sales for nine out of the last ten years.

yours in a Body by Fisher — plus the matchless solidity of Unisteel Turret Top construction.

And even this great boon to safety has been still further improved in 1941.

There's a wider ribbed-steel floor, more stoutly braced and integrally fused into the rest of the steel body structure—as well as new steel reinforcements in the rear end and the cowl.

So you can see that standout styling is only one of many standout features that make smart motorists say, "Body by Fisher is '41's guide to better value"—which leads you, of course, to a General Motors car.



BODY BY
Fisher



ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC